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Standard
DECEMBER 17, 2001 $3.95

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Lenzner on Vargas Llosa
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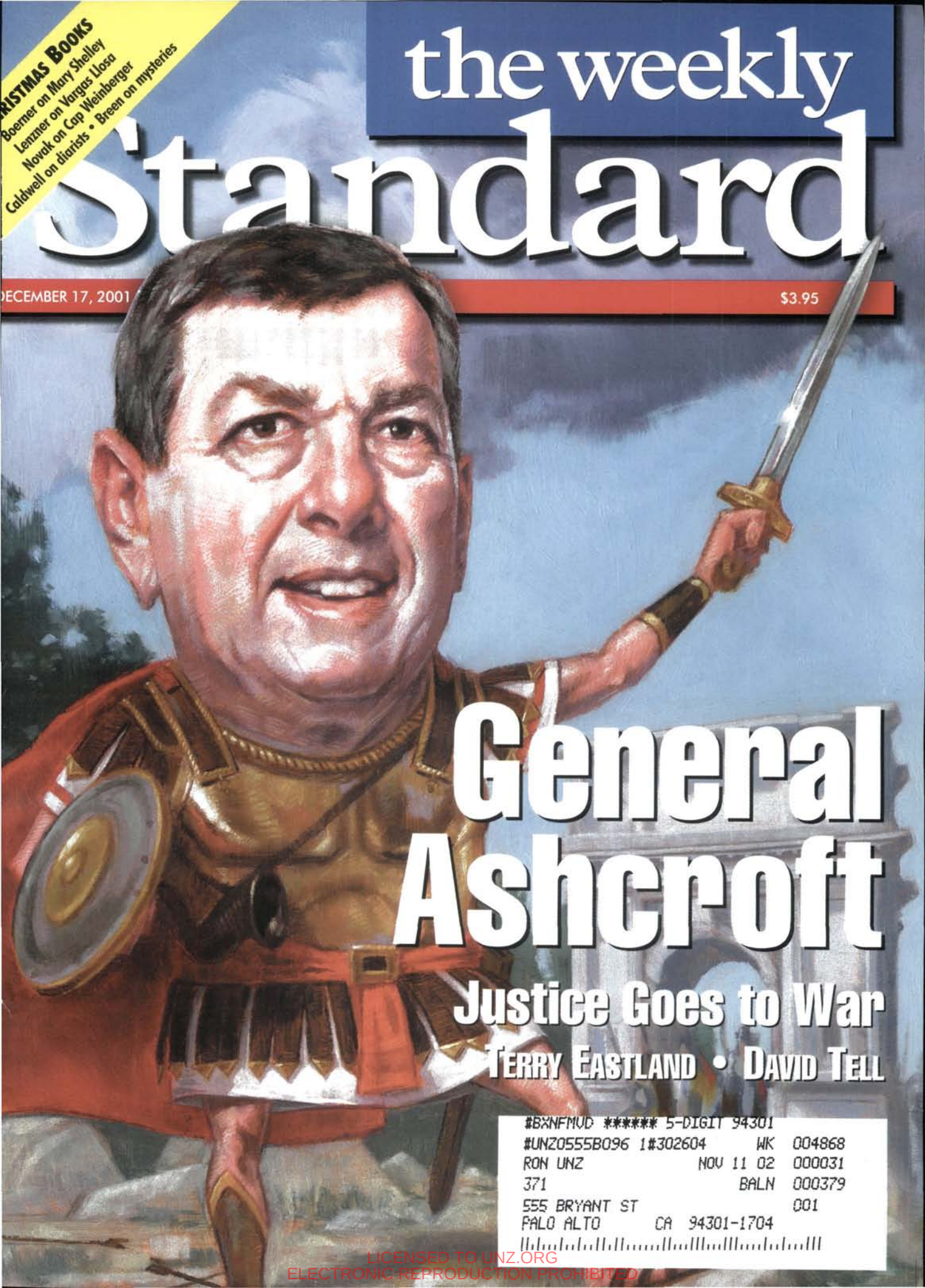
Caldwell on diarists • Breen on mysteries



General Ashcroft

Justice Goes to War

TERRY EASTLAND • DAVID TELL

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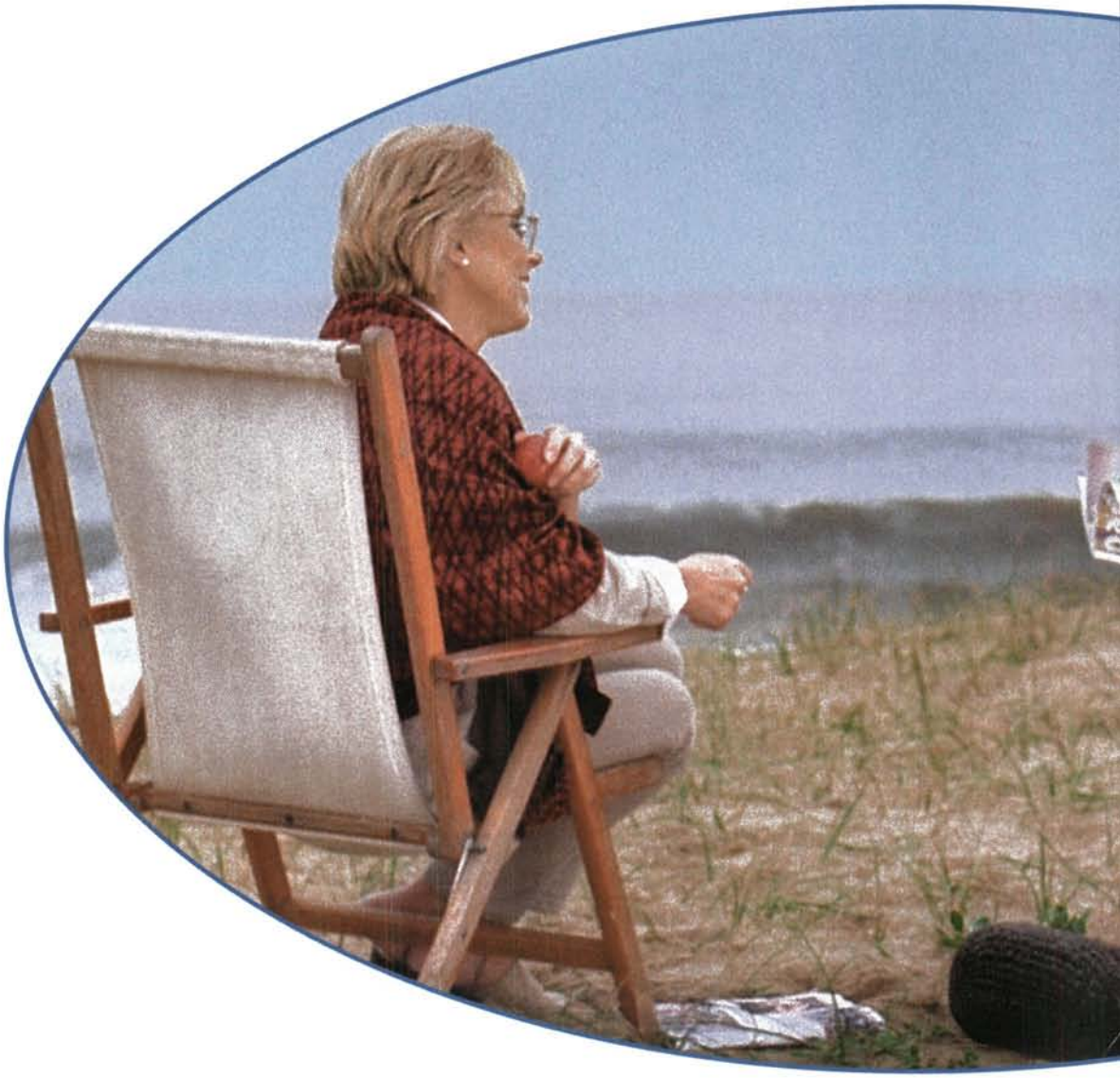

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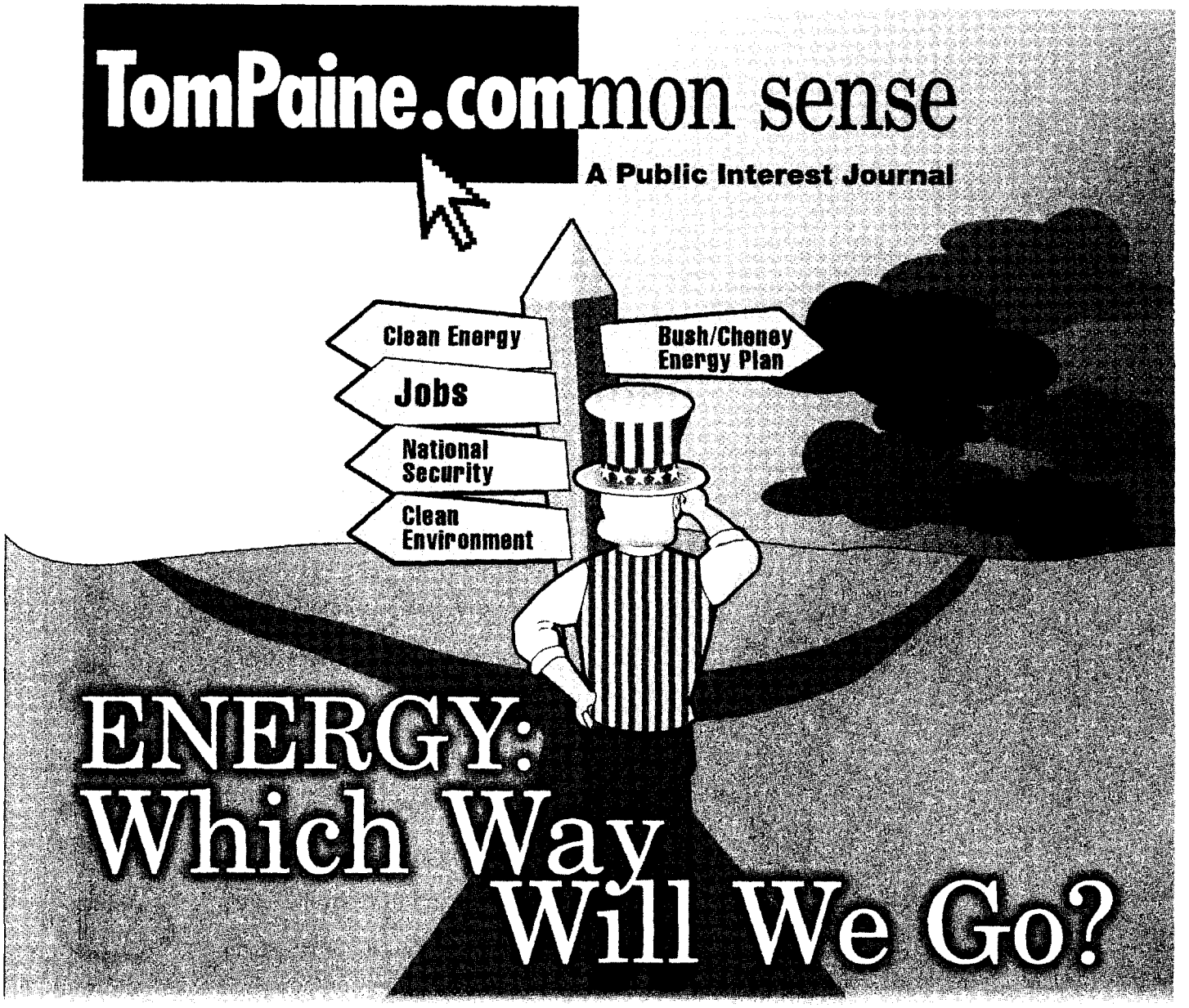

ENERGY: Which Way Will We Go?

Americans must choose an energy future. No decision facing us today has greater implications for the health of our economy, our communities, and the environment that sustains us.

Which way will we go?

The White House energy plan is a fraud, nothing more than payback for campaign contributions from oil, coal, gas and nuclear industry cronies. It would protect their profits and perpetuate their pollution at public expense.

In advocating their plan, President Bush, Vice President Cheney, and their allies in Congress demonstrate profound dishonesty and disloyalty to the genuine national interest.

If you think that's a harsh conclusion, read the "Clean Energy Blueprint" from the **Union of Concerned Scientists**, the **American Council for an Energy Efficient Economy**, and the **Tellus Institute** (online at **www.UCSUSA.org**).

The Blueprint weighs the costs and benefits of the "business-as-usual" approach embodied in the Bush plan against those of a package of common sense, clean-energy policies.

- Under the Bush plan, only 2.8 percent of our energy would come from clean, renewable sources by 2020 (compared to 2 percent today). Blueprint policies would increase that to 20 percent, pumping billions into the economy and creating jobs as a result.
- Compared to the Bush plan, implementing Clean Energy Blueprint policies would save consumers $440 billion between now and 2020, and $105 billion annually thereafter. The resulting pollution reduction would create additional savings – like improved public health that would lower insurance and medical costs.
- A former CIA director, a former national security advisor, and a former chair of the Joint Chiefs of Staff have endorsed policies included in the Blueprint because they enhance national security. The Bush plan doesn't.

Energy efficiency and renewable power development are in the nation's best interest – the Clean Energy Blueprint proves it. But Bush, Cheney and company, even as they claim to be public servants, put the interests of their cronies and contributors first. On energy, they're leading us down the wrong path.

TomPaine.com – Energy: Which Way Will We Go?
With excerpts from the Clean Energy Blueprint.

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the weekly Standard

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Free Gene Scalia!

The one-year anniversary of *Bush* v. *Gore* arrives December 12, and Senate Democrats have conjured up a curious way of commemorating it: They're blocking the appointment of Eugene Scalia, son of Justice Antonin Scalia, as President Bush's Labor Department solicitor. Retaliation for the father's vote in that case is the only plausible explanation so far for the Senate's obstruction of Scalia, who is in all respects that should matter superbly qualified for the job.

The president nominated the younger Scalia in April. Two weeks after a sometimes-contentious confirmation hearing on October 2, the Senate Health, Education, Labor and Pensions committee passed the nomination to Majority Leader Tom Daschle to schedule a floor vote. But there the Scalia nomination stopped, and there it remains.

The delay itself is outrageous. After all, even Ted Kennedy has called Scalia an "outstanding lawyer." William Coleman, longtime presidential adviser and former head of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, agrees, saying Scalia is a "bright, sophisticated" attorney, who would be "among the best lawyers who have ever held that important position."

But Daschle's justification of Democrats' obstruction is more disgraceful. "You know, I have to be convinced that the votes are there, and I don't think the votes are there for Mr. Scalia today," he claimed last week. But Daschle is wrong; the votes are there. And that, of course, is why he's blocking a vote.

The majority leader can't even keep tabs on his own duplicity. Moments after his dissembling about vote counts, he offered a second bogus explanation for the delay. "I think the more you learn about his record, the more concern there appears to be for the way he would function in that position," he argued. "That's a very important position carrying out the rules and regulations of safety for working people, and I think the more you look, the more skeptical you become."

THE SCRAPBOOK urges reporters not to give up. Keep asking. At some point, Daschle is liable to give the real reason for hijacking Scalia's appointment: petty, vindictive partisanship. ♦

Hollywood Enlists (sort of)

Post-September 11, Hollywood has trumpeted its patriotism and its willingness to aid the war on terrorism just as it promoted America in World War II. But it turns out *Hollywood Goes to War: The Sequel* won't amount to much. There won't be encomiums to America's military, respect for individuals, or mass prosperity. Instead, your local multiplex will be filled with *Hollywood Embraces Multiculturalism*, parts I, II, III, IV, and V.

"You can't spit out a patriotic pro-American message in the hopes everyone will get it," Hilary Rosen, president of the Recording Industry Association of America, told the *Los Angeles Times* after a meeting with White House officials last week. "It makes more sense to try to humanize the American people through good cross-cultural collaborations."

It does? Since when do Americans need to be "humanized"? Anyway, what Hollywood has in mind is playing up stories like Muhammad Ali's love of Islam. Wouldn't Ali's expression of love for America be more to the point? The music industry wants to pair American singers with Muslim stars for music to be aired in the Middle East. Fine, but what about a movie touching on America's tolerance of all religions, including Islam? That would help the cause more.

So far, though, no movies are planned, no *Sands of Kandahar* or *30 Seconds Over Kabul*. But the truth is Hollywood could produce patriotic movies quickly if it wished to. Writer Aaron Sorkin instantly put together a *West Wing* episode on September 11. Hollywood can take credit for *Behind Enemy Lines* and a three-minute patriotic montage by director Chuck Workman, but these were in the can prior to the terrorist attacks on America. The Bush White House says it's happy with Hollywood's offerings. Yeah, right. Just like it's happy with the Saudis, we bet.

THE SCRAPBOOK won't be satisfied until we see a fitting sequel to *Patton*. How about the true story of an officer called back to Washington for one last heroic tour of duty. *Rumsfeld*? It has a nice ring to it, and might even do well at the box office. ♦

Rule Britannica, cont.

Reader Steve Sorensen compared last week's passage on Afghanistan from the 11th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica with his copy of the 9th edition (copyright 1891). The words were almost identical, he notes, but the 1891 version is attributed to one Col. Henry Yule, C.B., rather than to Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich. And Holdich had deleted some passages. Yule was also the author (with A.C. Burnell) of *Hobson-Jobson: a Glossary of*

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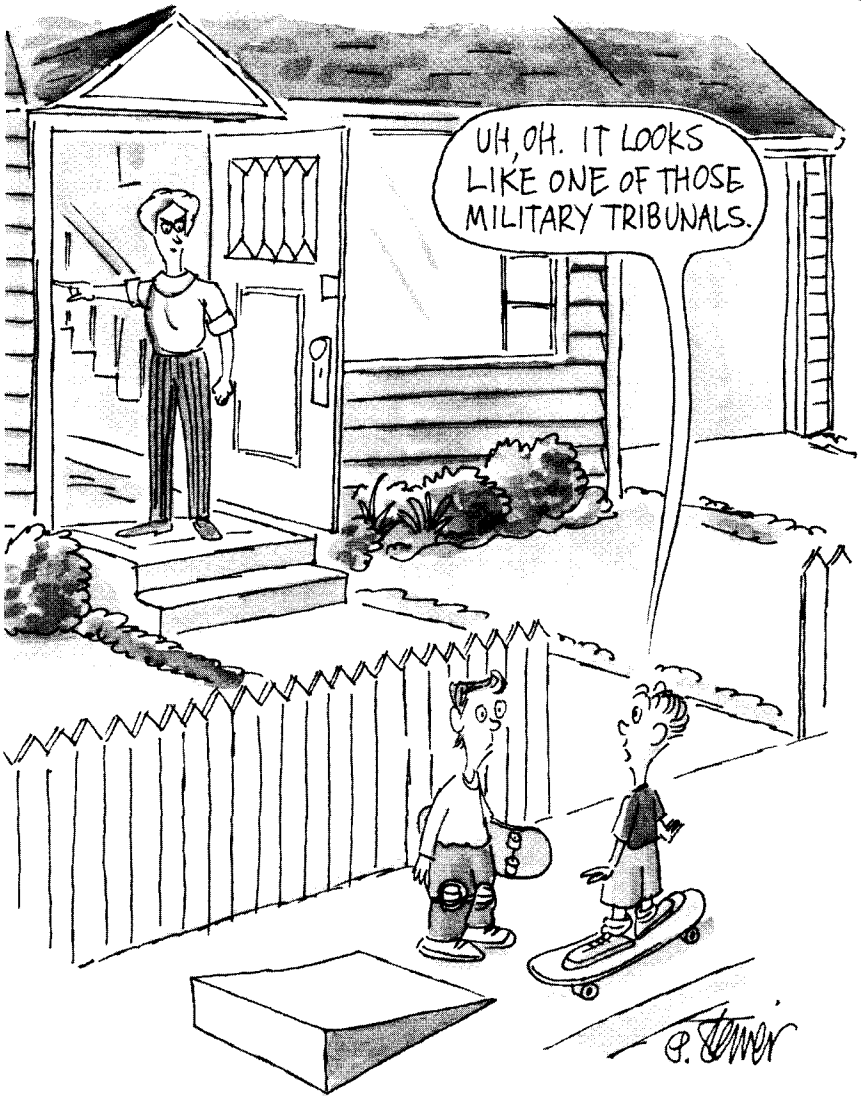

Colloquial Anglo-Indian Words and Phrases. Yule said his description of the Afghans was drawn in part from *Ferrier's Journeys,* which he refers to as "recent."

Here is part of the Holdich version, with the Yule portions added back in and italicized:

> The Afghan is by breed and nature a bird of prey. If from habit and tradition he respects a stranger within his threshold, he yet considers it legitimate to warn a neighbour of the prey that is afoot, or even to overtake and plunder his guest after he has quitted his roof. The repression of crime and the demand of taxation he regards alike as tyranny. The Afghans are eternally boasting of their lineage, their independence and their prowess. They look on the Afghans as the first of nations, and each man looks on himself as the equal of any Afghan, *if not as the superior of all others. Yet when they hear of some atrocious deed they will exclaim—"An Afghan job that!" They are capable of enduring great privation, but when abundance comes their powers of eating astonish an European.*

Hmm . . . a fin-de-siècle plagiarism scandal, or was it expected that each successive Britannica edition would crib from the one before? Anyone who can clear this up should e-mail us at *scrapbook@weeklystandard.com.*

Meanwhile, here is Col. Yule's further description of the Afghans, from the 1891 edition:

> The Afghans are Mohammedans of the Sunni or orthodox body, with the exception of a few tribes, perhaps not truly Pathan, who are Shiahs. They are much under the influence of the Mullahs, especially for evil; and have a stronger feeling against the Shiah heretic than against the unbeliever; their aversion to the Persians being aggravated thereby. But to those of another faith they are more tolerant than most Mohammedans, unless when creed becomes a war-cry.

Contributions are invited from earlier editions of the Britannica as well. ♦

Poets Need Not Apply

This is not a doctrinaire magazine, but there is one bedrock editorial principle we've adhered to for six years and counting: no poetry. Not because we don't like poetry—to the contrary—but because it's such a thankless chore to strip-mine a mountain of bad submissions in search of the rare nugget.

That said, you should know that our Books & Arts editor, J. Bottum, has just published his first collection of poetry, *The Fall & Other Poems* (St. Augustine's Press), and it contains only nuggets. In his honor, we will breach our principle long enough to share the shortest of his verses, and one of THE SCRAPBOOK's favorites:

On Publishing His Memoirs

The confidences of my lovers
Were bound to end between these covers.

For the rest, you will have to get your own copy of *The Fall.* ♦

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Casual

A Walker Outside the City

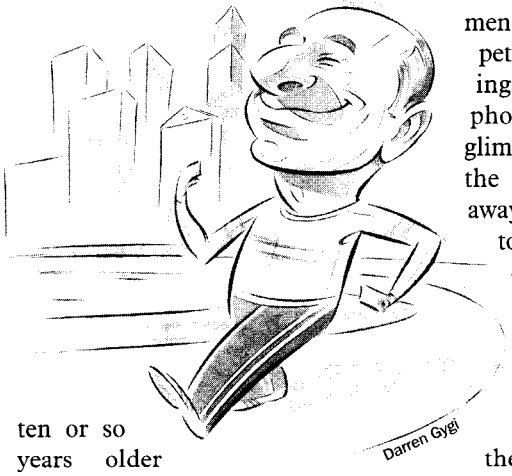
In 1951, the literary critic Alfred Kazin published a schmaltzily sentimental memoir called *Walker in the City* in which he was able to demonstrate his sensitivity and superiority to his family, his friends, and his contemporaries. I have myself become a walker outside the city, with none of the benefits of self-esteem that Kazin's walks seem to have brought. Once a boy athlete in whose mind played every sports fantasy—from the Rose Bowl to Madison Square Garden to Wimbledon, all in living color—I have been reduced to being a walker, and not all that fast a one at that.

Four or five times a week, I take the same walk, beginning somewhere between 7:00 and 7:30 A.M. I head down to Lake Michigan, thence around what is known as the landfill behind Northwestern University, and back to my apartment in Evanston. I own no pedometer, but would estimate the walk to be roughly three miles.

Although nearly impervious to nature, even I am impressed by the immensity of the lake, which some mornings is a placid, Matissely blue, some mornings menacingly choppy, and some days calm but rippley, believe it or not. A variety of birds—ranging in size from Canada geese to wrens—are aloft. Haze often blocks out the Chicago skyline to the south as I walk past the long grassy spaces set aside for soccer, lacrosse, and field hockey.

I take these walks in the belief that they are good for my health. Invigorated though I do feel at the end of them—endorphins speaking here, I'm sure—I should not be at all surprised one Tuesday morning to open the science section of the *New York Times* to discover that regular exercise, combined with the low cholesterol intake of careful eaters, hastens dementia.

Traveling in Europe, Henry James spoke of his "detested fellow pilgrims." I think of the companions I encounter along the path of my walk as my weary fellow health nuts. They grunt and glisten with sweat, some of their faces showing real pain. Lots of old flesh has been jammed into spandex, always a mistake. Joggers, bicyclists, and the occasional Rollerblader pass on the left. Every so often a real runner zips by, reminding me of how far from a serious athlete I have become. A man ten or so years older than I, the trunk of whose body is twisted and one of whose legs seems shorter than the other, has been known to pass me up.



On this path, small women show over-developed bulging calves. Young mothers jog briskly along, pushing dazed children in a droshky-like conveyance. Occasionally an obese man or woman will give the path a shot. Estimating how much weight they have to walk off, I think, how hopeless! And then I remember that Evelyn Waugh was once asked how, given his rude and generally unpleasant behavior, he justified calling himself a serious Catholic. "I don't justify it," he is supposed to have replied, "but just imagine what I would be like if I wasn't a Catholic." So with these people—just imagine if they didn't walk.

I do not greet many people on these morning constitutionals. An older man wearing a Cubs hat raises it to me in salute, and we sometimes exchange a quick word on the pennant race when we pass. A man walking his Airedale always says hello. Another man whose legs seem to be growing quite as short as those of his Welsh corgi keeps his own counsel under a scowling countenance. A pleasant enough looking woman walks a Weimaraner with such haunting eyes and so elegant a taupe coloring that I have formulated the rule that a woman makes a mistake to travel either with a man with a more ambitious hairdo than hers or a dog with a more impressive hide.

On my way back, I pass something called the Allen Center, run by Northwestern's Kellogg School of Management, which holds what seem like perpetual seminars for rather logy-looking middle-managers with cell phones holstered on their belts. I glimpse them through the windows of the center's dining room, packing away a heavy breakfast before having to stuff down an even heavier diet of social-science jargon about organizational behavioral strategies, or behaviors of organizational strategies, or possibly organizations and their behavioral strategies. I don't envy them. I'd rather be sweating in the sun, which at this point in my walk I usually am, when, with slightly slowed stride, I head for home.

I have until now never been good at calisthenics, or at any program of exercise that calls for regular application. As a boy and even young man, I owned light barbells and put up chinning bars, but never to any avail. These morning walks seem the exception, perhaps because they leave the mind free for what passes, at least for me, as thought. I use the time to think about problems connected with stories or essays I am writing, or to rehearse the lyrics to "Flying Down to Rio," or—ultimate luxury—to let my mind float. Very satisfying, it may even beat bowing before the royal box at Wimbledon.

Joseph Epstein

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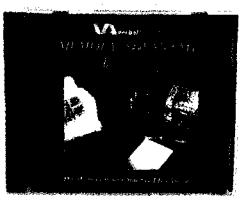

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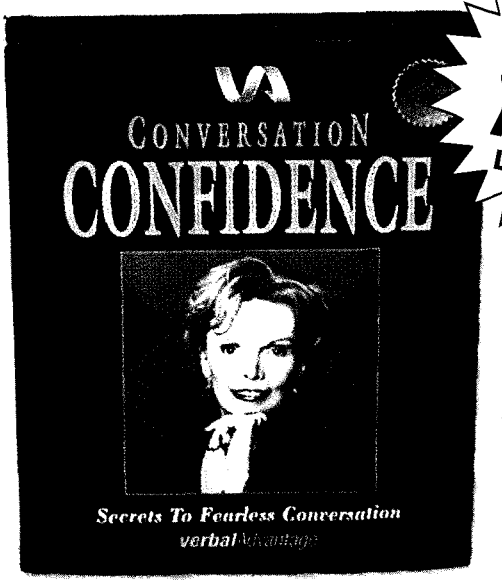

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Correspondence

She-I-A?

I APPRECIATE Claire Berlinski's insight into a serious shortcoming of the Central Intelligence Agency, which some believe failed to intercept information concerning the most egregious attack on this country in its history ("English Only Spoken Here," Dec. 5).

But I wonder if Berlinski thought about how effective it would be to have female linguists working for the CIA in countries where women are at best second-class citizens. Will they, even in public places, be able to access the needed information, or would we just spend millions to train linguists who can provide us with as little information as we had prior to September 11?

P.A. VIRTUE
Fort Dodge, IA

Bombs Anonymous

ELI J. LAKE's "Preparing for Iraq" (Nov. 26) provides a sound chronology of how the United States' Iraq policy is shifting, but it fails to make clear why Saddam Hussein's government must be eliminated as soon as possible.

In a recent MSNBC interview, former assistant defense secretary Richard Perle made a significant point: September 11 made it clear that we live in a world of anonymous terrorism, in which Cold War-style nuclear deterrence is no longer effective. "Mutually assured destruction" only works when the origin of an attack is clear, for example, when our radar detects Soviet missiles arcing over the North Pole from Siberia.

Perle suggested that a nuclear-armed Saddam would not hesitate to use an atomic weapon against America if he thought it could not be traced, and asked whether the United States would use nuclear retaliation against Iraq if it could not be certain the weapon originated in Iraq. Such a scenario is not unimaginable.

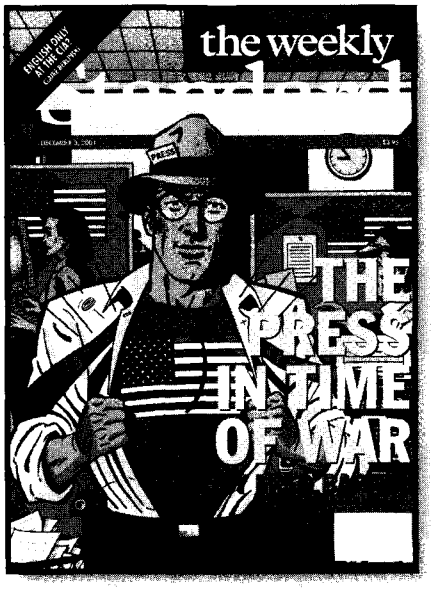
Given that we know Saddam has been trying to produce an atomic weapon for years, and is considered to be within three years of having one, and given his known hatred for the United States and his affinity for using terrorists as his agents, our national security demands that his government be eliminated before he has a functional nuclear device.

ELLIOT I. SUSSER
Eastport, NY

The Latino Northwest

MATTHEW DOWD correctly recognizes that Latino voters are rapidly becoming key constituencies in U.S. elections ("Doing the Latin Swing," Dec. 3).

He neglected, though, to mention Washington in his list of states having Hispanic populations that can swing upcoming elections. Washington's Hispanic population has grown to 7.5 percent, with close to half a million



Hispanics counted in the last census. They are the largest minority in the state, in one congressional district representing over 25 percent of the population.

PEDRO CELIS
Republican National Hispanic Assembly
Redmond, WA

Reading Zadvydas

REGARDING DAVID TELL's editorial "Is the President a 'Dictator'?" (Dec. 3), most of THE WEEKLY STANDARD's criticism of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and other news organizations is well received. But with respect to the *Zadvydas* decision, I point out that I wrote about this case and its relevance to the campaign against terrorism for *MSNBC.com* back in October.

It is significant that Justice Breyer, who wrote the majority opinion, and the four concurring justices (O'Connor, Souter, Stevens, Ginsberg) make up the court's "liberal" wing. Even they indicated that the indefinite detention of noncitizens who could not be deported might be necessary and constitutional in cases of terrorism and national security. Curious indeed that *Times* editorialists and others are ignoring this. Maybe they never read the *Zadvydas* decision.

TOM CURRY
MSNBC.com
Seattle, WA

A Flag-Clad Staff

I WOULD HAVE expected complaints about "opportunist" business behavior to come from a magazine lacking THE WEEKLY STANDARD's conservative credentials, so "Separation of Mosque and State?" (THE SCRAPBOOK, Dec. 3) really surprised me.

Are we readers really supposed to believe that freedom haters like Barry Lynn share something in common with people who sell the patriotic merchandise in American stores?

Sales of NYPD/FDNY gear and flag-themed paraphernalia have stimulated our slumping economy and shown the anti-American crowd—which includes both Osama bin Laden and Barry Lynn—that while we are bowed we are not broken. Times have truly changed; "distasteful" actions that once would have been deemed frivolous are now recommended by the virtue of prudence. I hope THE WEEKLY STANDARD will jump on the bandwagon and wrap itself in the flag right down to its bikini briefs.

JACK BLADEL
Greensboro, NC

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the weekly Standard

Tribunals on Trial

Of all the myriad criticisms lately leveled against President Bush's November 13 "military tribunals" order, the most wonderful—for pure dishonesty—is the indignation expressed over the directive's alleged denigration of regular Pentagon legal work. What the president has proposed "bear[s] scant resemblance to normal military justice," huffed a *New York Times* editorialist last week, imagining a "shadow system . . . in which defendants can be tried and condemned to death" on the thinnest pretext. Bush's "diktat," added columnist William Safire, a "subversion of the Uniform Code of Military Justice" hatched by the "Ashcroft-Mueller axis" of Justice Department "zealots," is now being heroically resisted by "cooler heads" in the Pentagon. Already, though, our "extant system of courts martial has been besmirched," Harvard Law School's Laurence Tribe told the Senate Judiciary Committee on December 4. Besmirched!

Of course, none of these gentlemen actually knows shinola about our "extant system of courts martial," else they would not be celebrating its purported superiority over the president's "Soviet-style secret military trials" (Safire, again). Defendants charged with a non-capital offense under the Uniform Code cannot be convicted unless two-thirds of a court martial's panel members approve—the same standard Bush has established, "at a minimum," for prospective al Qaeda trials. Death penalties imposed by regular courts martial require a unanimous vote, however, and Bush has not yet promised that tribunals convened in accordance with his November 13 instructions will adopt this additional threshold, too. So . . .

So the president's critics simply assume, without evidence, that no procedural refinements will be forthcoming from the administration, that Bush does indeed intend to put "hundreds" or even "thousands" of people to death by two-thirds straw poll, and that this departure alone from the white-gloves delicacy of "normal military justice" is a self-evident breach of civilization's basic code.

The spectacle is beyond satire, really. We have a bunch of self-righteous ignoramuses invoking the Bill of Rights in defense of a "traditional" Pentagon jurisprudence that has been the bane of civil libertarians for decades.

Under "normal military justice," the right to handpick members of a court martial, who perform judge and juror roles simultaneously, is awarded to the very same officer who has accused the defendant in the first place. That defendant is permitted an unlimited number of for-cause challenges against nominated panelists, and so long as at least five people remain in the pool, his accuser is not permitted to replace the ones who get bounced. But in most cases, the prosecution doesn't *want* to replace excluded panelists. In a non-capital trial where the two-thirds rule applies, the prosecution wants a court martial with exactly six panelists—three of whom, fully half, the defendant must win over to avoid conviction (whereas, for example, with a panel of eleven, four votes, or barely a third, would be sufficient for acquittal). In a military death penalty case, where unanimity is required for conviction, the indefinite size of trial-court membership lends an even more forceful gravitational pull to *voir dire* proceedings: Eager to limit the possibility of defeat, the prosecution has every incentive to nominate panelists biased in its favor. And, desperate not to lose a single potential vote to save his life, the defendant has little or no incentive to object.

Interesting, no? "Normal military justice," in short, is precisely the sort of thing, under any other circumstances, that a minimally informed *New York Times* editorial page would be having a we-the-people conniption over. That the *Times* might be wrong to do so—the court martial system's peculiar *voir dire* rules are defensible and their constitutionality has been consistently upheld—is not the point. The point, instead, is that the *Times* and its fellow hysterics have *nothing* of substance on which to ground their complaint that Bush's ad hoc military tribunals will extend fewer due-process courtesies to Taliban war criminals than regular court martial trials provide. We would be willing to bet a large amount of money, to the contrary, that when the Pentagon does finally make public its detailed plans for those tribunals, all talk about the beauties of "normal military justice" will disappear without a trace.

If so, incidentally, it will not be because Don Rumsfeld's cool-headed Pentagon heroes have held the constitutional line against an Ashcroft-Mueller axis of Justice Department zealots. It used to be that journalists picked up the phone and made inquiries about such stuff. Were that still the case, the world (and William Safire) would already know that military tribunals have been a Pentagon idea from the start, and that our attorney general and FBI chief have had virtually no influence on their development.

But these are mere facts. How much easier it is to just let rip and cuff up poor John Ashcroft, who isn't exactly a rocket scientist, let's face it. And how exciting it is to proclaim that the president has "deformed" American justice

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while supervising a "seizure of power by the executive branch." And how boring it would be to worry, pre-publication, about how all of this is slanderously false.

Professor Tribe has told the Senate Judiciary Committee that the president's military tribunals order is "flawed at its base" inasmuch as it "violates the separation of powers required by our Constitution." Tribe has since amplified this charge in a *New Republic* essay which begins by asserting that, absent the "ritualistic solemnity" of a congressional war declaration, the president lacks authority to effect "domestic deprivations" like those in his November 13 directive. Later in this essay, however, Tribe concedes that technical questions about the current "state of war" are practically and legally irrelevant. And it is here, at last, that he arrives at the truth. The United States has been attacked, with grievous loss of life, by a hostile foreign force. And when the United States has been attacked, the president is constitutionally *obligated* to mount a national defense—without waiting for Congress. "The Framers," Alexander Hamilton wrote in 1801, "would have blushed" at any contrary suggestion. "[W]hen a foreign nation declares, or openly and avowedly makes war upon the United States, they are then by the very fact, already at war, and any declaration on the part of Congress is nugatory."

Among the president's wartime powers, according to an unbroken string of Supreme Court decisions dating back to *Brown* v. *United States* in 1814, is the prerogative to decide the fate of enemy prisoners, even without trial. On this point "no doubt is entertained," Chief Justice Marshall explained in *Brown*. "That war gives to the sovereign full right to take the persons and confiscate the property of the enemy wherever found, is conceded." A "humane and wise policy" might mitigate this "rigid rule," Marshall allowed. But the Constitution does not.

For what it's worth, which isn't much, Congress long ago—in Title 10 of the U.S. Code—affirmed the president's authority to employ military tribunals for prosecutions of war crimes. It is beyond serious question that George W. Bush is free to employ them now.

There are those who would like to question how he proposes to employ them—and against whom. Scott Silliman of Duke University Law School, for one, doubts whether simply belonging to al Qaeda should bring a man under jurisdiction of a U.S. military tribunal. Most al Qaeda soldiers captured in Afghanistan, Silliman advises, will deserve protected status as POWs—which will qualify them, under international law, for Pentagon-funded, penalty-free transportation back to their homes. And what of any al Qaeda cell that might yet be exposed in America? Silliman's "greatest concern," he says, is that "military commissions sitting in the United States" could prosecute resident aliens "whose only offense might be that they are, or were at some time in the past, members of al Qaeda."

Here in the real world, of course, our "greatest concern" is that anyone whose "only offense" is membership in al Qaeda might still be alive when next the sun comes up. On this particular score, Scott Silliman stands alone. But the carelessness—and legal emptiness—of his argument are nevertheless entirely typical of the president's critics. Thus, the *Times* editorial page casually reports that Bush's November 13 directive extends to "any number of homeowners who sheltered" the September 11 terrorists "with no realization that they were anything but students." And Laurence Tribe gives himself leave to assert that the president has granted Pentagon prosecutors "unbridled discretion to conduct all proceedings in complete secrecy."

Both claims are specious. By its express terms, the military order is restricted to al Qaeda functionaries who have "engaged in," "aided," "abetted," or "conspired to commit" acts of international terrorism, along with accomplices who have "knowingly harbored" such criminals. And nothing in the military order suggests that trials of such people will be "secret." Instead, the document merely instructs the Pentagon to take care that any military tribunal it convenes fully protects the federal government's classified information—consistent with preexisting law.

That said, it bears pointing out that were the president actually determined to conduct secret trials of every prisoner captured in Afghanistan, our Constitution would not be offended. It is ludicrous to suggest that Osama bin Laden will, the moment he is detained by an American authority, earn the full panoply of Fifth and Sixth Amendment rights generally guaranteed to criminal defendants by the Constitution's judicial branch. By the same logic, he would also then enjoy a presumptive right to bear arms, under the Second Amendment, and a federally enforceable right to use reproductive contraceptives, under the Supreme Court's Fourteenth Amendment *Griswold* decision. In the entire history of the United States, no foreign combatant waging war against America has ever won himself trial in a regular federal district court—on any charge, much less on a war crimes indictment. And there is nothing in the history of Supreme Court jurisprudence to suggest that even U.S. citizenship frees a man suspected of war crimes against other Americans from the jurisdiction of a Pentagon military tribunal. Period.

The *Times* and others contend that President Bush will "wind up . . . undermining [America's] standing as a defender of international human rights" if he proves grudging where the procedural niceties of al Qaeda war crimes trials are concerned. A legitimate debate might be had over the rules governing military tribunals. But that is not the narrow debate John Ashcroft's tormentors are treating us to. They are warning, instead, that the president of the United States is behaving like a lawless tyrant. That this warning should pretend to be a defense of American honor is a farce.

—David Tell, for the Editors

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Dr. West and Mr. Bin Laden

Cloning and terrorism are both clear and present dangers. BY ERIC COHEN & WILLIAM KRISTOL

IN TESTIMONY before the Senate last July, Dr. Michael West, president of Advanced Cell Technology and lead scientist on the team that recently cloned the first human embryos, quoted Scripture:

> As the Apostle Paul said: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." (I Cor. 13:11) In the same way, it is absolutely a matter of life and death that policymakers in the United States carefully study the facts of human embryology and stem cells. A child's understanding of human reproduction simply will not suffice and such ignorance could lead to disastrous consequences.

True enough. But a childish understanding of ethics also will not suffice, and childish ignorance by scientists of their moral obligations can also lead to disastrous consequences.

Before September 11, the issues of human cloning and embryonic stem cells had come to center stage in American politics. On July 31, the House had passed a ban on all human cloning. And after months of deliberation on what to do about federal funding of embryonic stem cell research, President Bush delivered his first special televised address to the nation on August 9. "We have arrived at that brave new world that seemed so distant in 1932, when Aldous Huxley wrote about human beings created in test tubes," he said. Revolutionary advances in biology and genetics have brought us to "the leading edge of a series of moral hazards." How we confront these issues, he added, "may well define our age."

Then came the terrorist attacks of September 11. Fears of a brave new world dropped from the forefront of the national mind. It was now death and destruction we feared, not utopian biology. It was bioterrorism we feared, not morally compromising advances in biomedical research. It was human mortality we feared, not a post-human future of would-be immortals.

But the announcement by Dr. West's company that it has cloned human embryos reminds us that the forward march of biological "progress" does not halt during wartime; and that even as America rightly defends liberal democracy against terrorism, it cannot ignore the moral problems created by modern technological society.

Perhaps it is significant that the genetic challenge and the challenge of terrorism seem to have arrived together. For both require us to confront fundamental questions about life and death, good and evil, civilization and barbarism. The new genetics leads us to expect an indefinite extension of life, to believe that medical science may one day smooth the jagged edges of our mortality. Terrorism confronts us with the permanent fragility of life, and with the destruction that modern technology, in the hands of evildoers, can unleash upon its creators.

Aldous Huxley understood the connection. In his novel, the brave new world comes into being in large measure as a remedy for human fear—a way of "perfecting" existence so that men and women can lead long, healthy, and pleasure-filled lives. It is an escape from the burdens of history, suffering, and war. As Mustapha Mond explains in *Brave New World*, "What's the point of truth or beauty or knowledge when the anthrax bombs are popping all around you? . . . People were ready to have their appetites controlled then. Anything for a quiet life."

For the last decade, Americans have had a generally quiet life—happy, healthy, upwardly mobile, unburdened by history. The holiday ended when the planes hit the first World Trade Center tower. What confronts us now is a band of nihilistic terrorists who despise mere health, comfort, and life. Our enemies worship death—not just our death, but their own apocalyptic, civilization-destroying suicide. Osama bin Laden put it bluntly: "We love death. The U.S. loves life. That is the big difference between us." The challenge to America—a nation that "loves life," and rightfully so—is that confronting such death-seeking terrorism requires a willingness to fight and perhaps to die. It requires courage, and even heroism.

Hatred of life and glorification of death lead in obvious ways to evil. But life understood as an absolute devotion to health and material well-being may invite us to tolerate, even celebrate, morally questionable pursuits (like cloning human embryos for research or harvesting organs) and morally debilitating expectations (like a life without challenges, tragedy, or suffering).

Thus, Dr. West informs us, "for the sake of medicine, we need to set our fears aside." But are all fears about what man will do with his new genetic powers unjustified? Dr. West doesn't think "the abuse of this technology, its potential abuses, should

Eric Cohen is a fellow at the New America Foundation; William Kristol is editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD. *They are co-editors of the forthcoming book* The Future Is Now: America Confronts the New Genetics *(Rowman & Littlefield).*

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stop us from doing what we believe is the right thing in medicine." But aren't the likely abuses of a technology as important as its speculative benefits? Dr. West's mission, he says, is "to end suffering and disease." But does pursuing such utopian dreams make us willing to tolerate, accept, and ultimately normalize evil means?

As the ethicist Paul Ramsey put it, "any person, or any society or age, expecting ultimate success where ultimate success is not to be reached, is peculiarly apt to devise extreme and morally illegitimate means for getting there." And peculiarly apt, one might add, to redefine the project so that it seems morally blameless, as Sen. Arlen Specter and other zealous advocates for unlimited research have tried to do, by saying that cloned embryos are not really cloned embryos.

In short, what America now faces are two grave threats to a dignified human future—one which is obvious, and one which comes so wrapped up with real and apparent goods that it is hard to detect. The first is the dehumanization of the terrorists, who have so little regard for life (including their own) that they make killing their only purpose and modern technology their weapon. The second is the dehumanization of the eugenicists, who seek a brave new world in which technology makes human (or post-human) life perfectly healthy, pleasant, autonomous, and secure—even if some moral boundaries must be breached along the way. Both threats are upon us now. ♦

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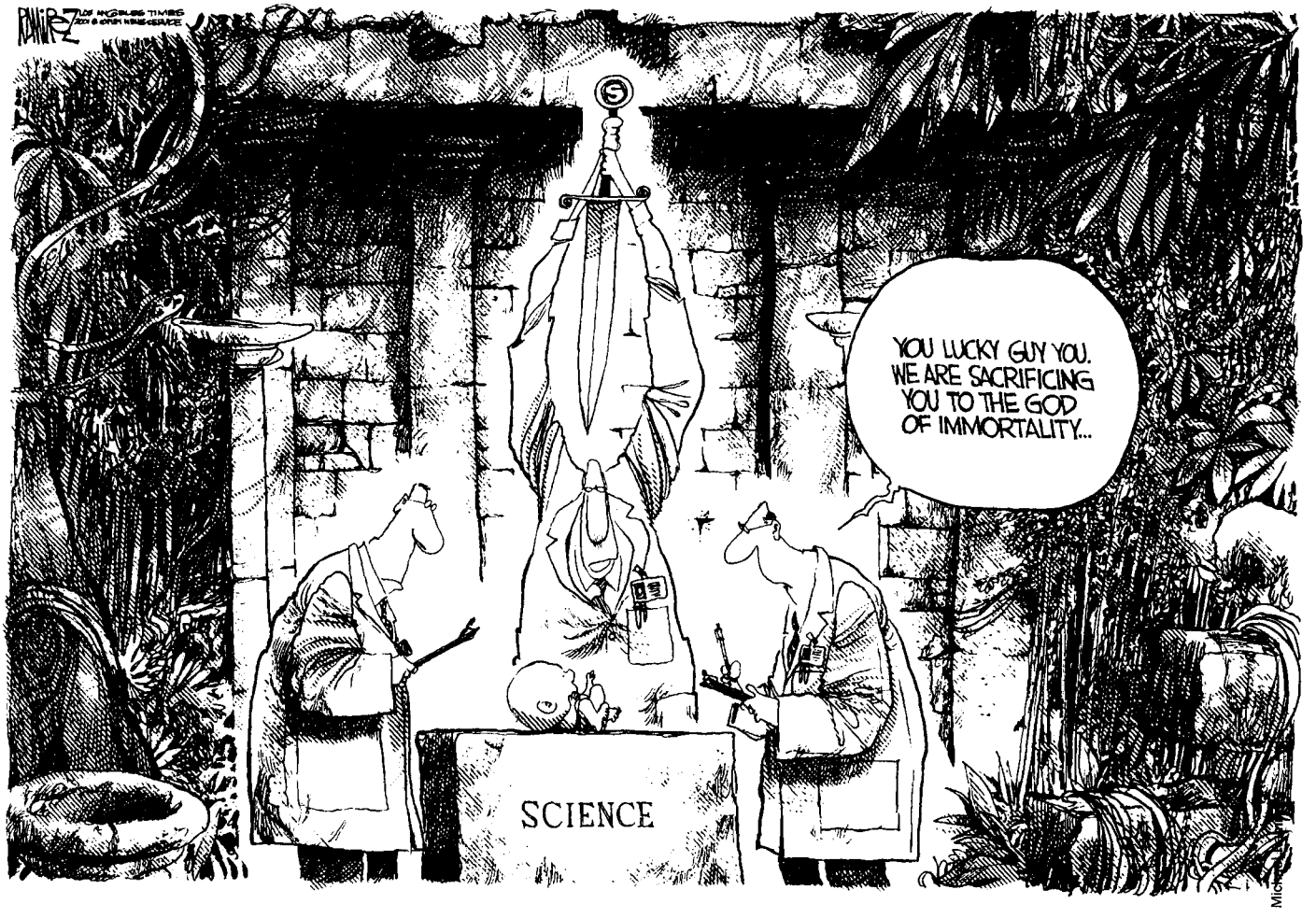

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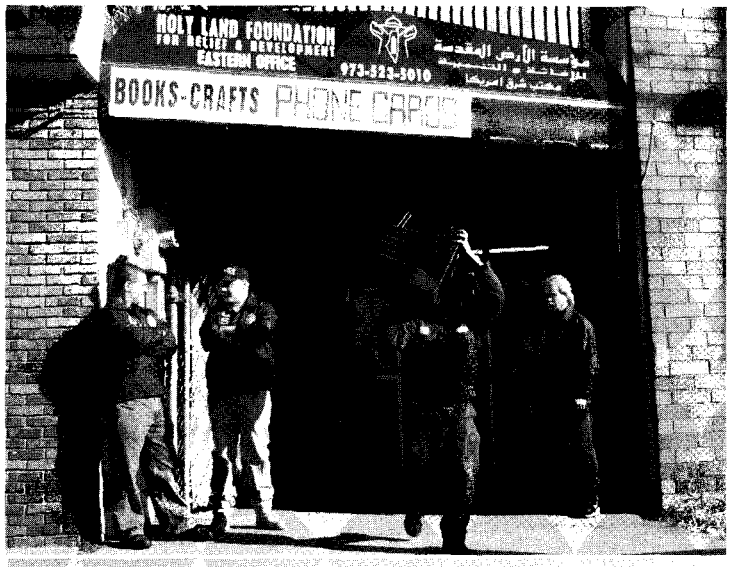
Not So Holy After All

The Bush administration takes on a Hamas front group. BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

LAST WEEK President Bush made a long-overdue decision. He ordered the closing of the Holy Land Foundation, a front for the Palestinian terrorist group Hamas, headquartered in Richardson, Texas, with branch offices in Paterson, N.J., Bridgeview, Ill., and San Diego. The Holy *War* Foundation would be more like it.

Established in 1989, the Holy Land Foundation took off when it received a $200,000 cash infusion from Mousa Abu Marzook, who once lived in the United States but was deported in 1997 and has resided in the Middle East since. Marzook is a Hamas leader and the brother-in-law of Ghassan Elashi, chairman of the Holy Land Foundation.

Federal authorities have been watching the foundation since 1996, and concerned American Muslims have denounced its activities on numerous occasions. The Holy Land Foundation has been more than a fund-raising arm of those who organize suicide bombings in Israel. It has been the nerve center of the radical Islamist organizational structure in the United States, manipulating a network of interlocking groups.



AP/Wide World Photos

A bad week for the "holy land": the FBI raids Holy Land offices in Paterson, N.J. (top); Israeli soldiers patrol a checkpoint at the Kalandia refugee camp.

On September 5, 2001, less than a week before the World Trade Center atrocities, federal anti-terrorism agents raided InfoCom Corporation, the company that ran the Holy Land Foundation website. The InfoCom connection is crucial to understanding relations between the various components of the Islamic extremist conspiracy. According to defectors from Hamas, the Holy Land Foundation web server was also used by the Council on American-Islamic Relations (CAIR), the Islamic Society of North America (ISNA), the Islamic Association for Palestine, and other terrorist apologists on our soil. All of these groups shared a single administrative and technical contact for the maintenance of the server.

This enterprise resembles the front activities long maintained by the Communist party: separate groups, none of them directly identified with Hamas, each crafted to appeal to a particular constituency. Their methods and rhetoric are devious and deceptive.

They do not run candidates in U.S. elections on a pro-Hamas ticket. Rather, they work behind the scenes to demand special consideration for their agenda by media and government. They do not propose political discussion or interfaith dialogue. Rather, they stress "sensitivity" to "Muslim feelings." They do not make open claims for Muslim causes. Rather, they complain about injuries allegedly done to Muslims, which must be recognized and apologized for before any dialogue takes place. They purport to know the feelings of all Muslims, and arrogate

Stephen Schwartz is working on a book entitled The Two Faces of Islam.

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to themselves the right to speak for all Muslims. Further, they recognize no diversity within Islam; for them there is one Islam and they are it, and their goal is to make sure that any examination of Islamic issues, from the White House down, begins and ends with them. In the immediate aftermath of September 11, they had extraordinary success in achieving this goal.

These groups appear independent of one another, but all of them draw from the common financial and technical pool at the Holy Land Foundation. They do not disagree or compete; they are diverse "shops" offering identical ideological content. CAIR's task has been to penetrate and pressure the American media. The job of ISNA is to control the mosques. The American Muslim Council pretends to engage in interfaith relations with Christians and Jews. The Islamic Institute (with the backing of consultant Grover Norquist) serves as a bridge to conservative Republicans, while the Muslim Public Affairs Council pursues public-policy lobbying. The network has also infiltrated the Muslim Students Association, which targets campuses.

Even after September 11 and the horrors unleashed in Israel at the beginning of December, few Americans fully recognize what Hamas and the Holy Land Foundation represent. In addition to defending suicide bombers, the foundation pays annuities to the children of such "martyrs." And it supports the Muslim clerics whose fatwas declare that, since all children are, by Islamic legal definition, innocent, Jewish children slain at the hands of the bombers are guaranteed entry into Paradise. These fatwas advance the same claim for other innocents, Muslim or Christian, accidentally killed in the attacks: These too are "involuntary martyrs" headed for paradise. This hideous doctrine rationalizing terrorism is a pure expression of the Wahhabi totalitarianism emanating from Saudi Arabia.

Originally, the Holy Land Foundation did not openly fly the Palestinian banner. Its literature and website nowhere identified it clearly as Christian or Muslim. According to the defectors, this was an intentional gambit, aimed at fleecing contributors who would not normally contribute to Palestinian militants, especially militants clearly aligned with terrorism.

More recently, the foundation has embraced the identity of an Islamic charity, and this religious cover has given the group and its satellites a fund-raising appeal far exceeding that of any earlier Arab advocacy group. As we now know, purported charitable or relief organizations based in Saudi Arabia have funded Osama bin Laden's al Qaeda cadres. And the same cover is also used by those who recruit American Muslims like the ill-fated John Walker, the jihad fighter from California found in the cellar at the Qalaj Janghi prison in northern Afghanistan.

The Bush administration has taken a major step in moving against the Holy Land Foundation, one of the central components of an extremist conspiracy that deserves to be fully investigated and unmasked. ♦

How Republican Is Riordan?

Conservatives size up the GOP gubernatorial front-runner. BY WLADYSLAW PLESZCZYNSKI

WORD HAS IT that a leading California Republican has devised the perfect slogan for GOP frontrunner Richard Riordan's gubernatorial campaign: "More Conservative Than Bloomberg." To many California conservatives, that may be optimistic.

Badly in need of a win next year after three straight losing election cycles, California Republicans haven't set the bar very high for Riordan. "He doesn't have to convince them that he's a conservative Republican, but only that he's a Republican," says one party insider. If Riordan can do that, he adds, "a lot of that complaining will go away."

That also may be optimistic. The *California Political Review*'s recent cover story on Riordan warns against "Republican Self-Mutilation" and predicts that Riordan will be California's Jim Jeffords. *Orange County Register* columnist Steven Greenhut recently threw up his hands at the prospect of a "left and lefter" race between Riordan and Democratic incumbent Gray Davis. His advice to any Republican wanting to win with Riordan: "Simply become a Democrat, and you'll be sure to be on the winning side in California for decades to come."

Most ominously, CNN's *Capital Gang* on November 29 fleshed out Robert Novak's previous report that the White House has soured on Riordan. Back on November 11, Novak wrote that a California operative had told the White House that "Riordan is unfocused, unorganized and doesn't listen." On the CNN show, Novak asked Ken Khachigian, a leading California Reaganite who began speaking critically of a Riordan candidacy as early as last June, whether "the bloom is off the rose" where Riordan is concerned. Khachigian replied that Riordan "came on as this sort of great nonpartisan hope" but the White House now thinks he "probably has not quite had the experience that they thought he might have." (This, about a 71-year-old for-

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski is a distinguished visiting fellow at the Hoover Institution.

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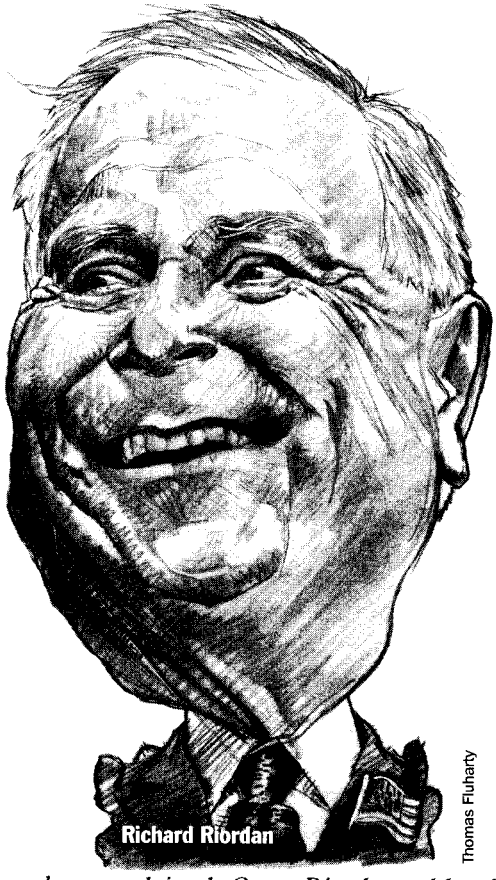
mer two-term Los Angeles mayor perhaps better connected than George H.W. Bush!) Panelist Kate O'Beirne provided the clincher when she noted that California Republicans she talks to "see [Riordan] as a fairly conventional liberal Democrat in his positions. For instance, he's written that Californians are undertaxed."

But Riordan has also done a lot that could appeal to the right, even in the 10-year-old document alluded to by O'Beirne—not that he's done much to point it out. On November 4, *Sacramento Bee* columnist Daniel Weintraub gave readers a pop quiz: Which Republican gubernatorial candidate helped lead the campaign to oust soft-on-crime California Chief Justice Rose Bird in 1986; wrested control of the state's largest school district from a board dominated by the teachers' unions; referred to welfare program officials as "poverty pimps"; and subscribed to the credo that "the highest level of giving is teaching people to be self-sufficient"?

Riordan did all of these things, and more, but he's not talking about them. When he officially launched his campaign on November 6, he did so in the company of Arnold Schwarzenegger and several friendly Democrats along Los Angeles's historic Olvera Street—and never mentioned he's a Republican. He did attack Gray Davis, however, and ever since he's acted as if Davis were his only opponent. If not for the dutiful candidacies of Republicans Bill Jones and Bill Simon Jr., one would be hard pressed to remember that Riordan will first have to win the GOP primary scheduled for March 5. Without a stronger effort to prove his Republican bona fides, party insiders warn, Riordan might have trouble just doing that, let alone winning the support of the conservative base in November.

He is lucky in his friends, however. One of them, Shawn Steel, the likable California state GOP chairman and movement conservative, appeared in Washington last month before conservative activist Grover Norquist's Wednesday group and spoke glowingly of both Simon and Riordan. Word quickly got back to California that Steel had played up Riordan's record as tough on crime, unions, and even taxes and said Riordan "has the best chance to win [the nomination] as of now." Steel did concede that Riordan lacks a Reaganite vision. "Dick is a personality guy, not ideological," he


Richard Riordan

Thomas Fluharty

later explained. Or as Riordan told Weintraub, "People in Los Angeles know that Dick Riordan is a Republican. But I think what the people in California want, and the people in L.A. wanted, are nonpartisan problem-solvers, somebody who is going to be a leader for Republicans, Democrats, independents, and everybody else. That describes Dick Riordan."

That's good enough for Rep. Dana Rohrabacher, the Orange County conservative and early Riordan backer who calls his man "a 50 percent guy," as in, you'll like half of what he stands for. By Rohrabacher's reckoning, that's a whole lot better than Gray Davis, whom he calls "a 20 percent guy." Other supporters repeat the 50 percent point. Still, they see Riordan as the only Republican with a chance to beat Davis.

A different set of numbers tells the story: In California, registered Democrats outnumber registered Republicans by nearly 1.7 million, or by 45 percent to 35 percent of the registered electorate. Riordan won twice in a city where Democrats outnumber Republicans by nearly three to one. Conservative attacks on Riordan usually manage to ignore those numbers. But there's no getting around them.

With Riordan there are other compensations, like his personal qualities. Claremont McKenna College political scientist Peter Skerry calls him "the original inclusive Republican." Alan Alda and Susan Estrich belong to Riordan's book club, but so does James Q. Wilson. His philanthropic commitment to inner-city schools well predates his elective career. Skerry, author of *Mexican Americans: The Ambivalent Minority*, recalls first hearing good things about Riordan from L.A. Hispanic contacts long before he heard of Riordan the politician. It's no accident that Riordan was reelected in 1997 with over 60 percent of the Latino vote.

Ron Unz singles out Riordan for the political independence and imagination he displayed in 1998 backing the Proposition 227 effort to outlaw bilingual education, a campaign highlighted by a televised ad paid for by Riordan and narrated by his daughter—in Spanish. Rep. Doug Ose, northern California finance chair for the Riordan campaign and a member of the moderate Republican Main Street Partnership, sees a Reaganite parallel. Riordan, he says, "clearly appeals to a broad and diverse group. That's how Reagan won, and that's how we'll win." And maybe he will—but he has to win the Republican primary first. ♦

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The Assisted Suicide of the West

The real stakes in Oregon's fight with the Bush administration. BY KIM KOSMAN

AT FIRST GLANCE, the struggle between the Justice Department and Oregon over that state's assisted suicide law looks like a classic confrontation between federal power and states' rights. In a letter dated November 6, Attorney General John Ashcroft ordered federal drug enforcement agents to go after physicians who prescribe life-ending doses of drugs to suicidal patients under Oregon's "Death With Dignity Act." In response, Oregon attorney general Hardy Myers asked for, and obtained, a federal court order preventing the DEA from pursuing its physicians.

The press describes this fight as a man-bites-dog story about a Democratic state official standing tough against intrusive, big-government Republicans. This makes for a good story line, but misses the crucial point. Neither the state nor the Justice Department has even scant interest in a principled fight about federalism and proper spheres of governmental authority. Instead, they're going to the mattresses over a technical and opportunistic argument about three words in a statutory amendment.

In 1970, Congress passed the Controlled Substances Act. This law organizes all drugs regulated under federal law into five schedules and authorized the Drug Enforcement Administration to regulate physicians and other drug handlers. In 1984, Congress passed an amendment to the act giving the attorney general and the DEA power to revoke the licenses of doctors who lack a "legitimate medical purpose" when prescribing medications. The fight between Ashcroft and Myers comes down to this issue: Who decides the meaning of "legitimacy" in a license-revocation hearing? Is "legitimate" a common standard or something that can vary by location?

It is useful here to note all the things that are not at issue in this controversy. When it comes to national authority, Oregon does not dispute that the federal government has the power to regulate controlled substances within her borders. Congress is assumed to have broad authority to regulate items, like drugs, that are bought and sold in interstate commerce. Further, Oregon does not question that Congress has the power to delegate some of this power to the attorney general and, by extension, to the DEA; federal agents have been able, since the Progressive Era, to control drug distribution.

Finally, Oregon does not contest the power of the attorney general to revoke a physician's license because he or she acts outside of a vague "public interest"—a power given, by Congress's own account, because states were deemed too idiotic to regulate their own health care professionals. (Here's Rep. Hamilton Fish of New York on the need for the 1984 CSA Amendment: "State policing of these activities, as well as peer review within the profession, have not been adequate control measures. . . . State laws regarding the dispensing of controlled substances are also inadequate.")

Nor, interestingly, does John Ashcroft assert any power of the federal government to regulate or prohibit assisted suicide. Nothing in the attorney general's directive to the DEA questions the legitimacy of Oregon's suicide law; indeed, the Office of Legal Counsel opinion that prompted the Ashcroft memo is clear about its disinterest. According to the OLC, the policy "forecloses one, but only one, method of assisting suicide in a manner consistent with Oregon law." Should doctors—or anyone else—wish to assist someone in hastening their death, there are other methods at their disposal. Whether the attorney general thinks the federal government could or should prohibit assisted suicide is left to the imagination. The most he will say is that "the continued life of [American] citizens . . . should be regarded as a benefit." Indeed.

It is clear that there are no first principles of federalism at stake in this case, and perhaps no second or third ones, either. A federal judge will eventually decide who has the final say in defining vague statutory language about the prescribing of controlled drugs, and DEA agents will get back to the business of supervising pharmacists and physicians.

Meantime, there are serious issues here that neither side is taking seriously: the federal government's authority (and obligation) to supervise state decisions about life and death; a state's authority (and obligation) to gauge its citizens' interests. *Shouldn't* the federal government step in when a state authorizes its doctors to take lives? *Shouldn't* a state cry foul when federal agents regulate things assumed to be within the state police power—like regulating health and morality—for the better part of two hundred years?

Ashcroft versus Myers has the makings of a serious battle over the proper allocation of government power. But the debate will remain superficial because both sides want a win, and to win, the lawyers tell us, you have to define the controversy as narrowly as possible. Too bad. ♦

Kim Kosman is a research associate at the American Enterprise Institute and a Ph.D. candidate at Boston College.

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General Ashcroft

Justice goes to war

By Terry Eastland

On November 29, Attorney General John Ashcroft introduced President Bush to an audience of the nation's 94 U.S. attorneys. Bush began his remarks by commending Ashcroft for "principled" and "steady" leadership. "I guess we call you General," he said. Then, turning to the U.S. attorneys, he added, "That means you all are in the Army. And I am glad you are."

Attorneys general long have been addressed as "General." But to say that those supervised by an attorney general are "in the Army" is an odd play on the title—or would be, except that the nation is at war, and the Justice Department is playing a major role. And so it was that the president found himself commenting to his audience not only on the ordinary work of federal prosecutors, but also on "the front line" where U.S. attorneys are now engaged—and General John Ashcroft commands.

Not everyone, of course, is glad to have General Ashcroft commanding. The former Missouri senator's efforts against terrorism are drawing objections from the libertarian right and especially liberals, some of whom have fired rhetorical cruise missiles. NAACP chairman Julian Bond has said that Ashcroft "knows something about the Taliban, coming as he does from that wing of American politics." Bill Goodman of the Center for Constitutional Rights has called Ashcroft and his Justice Department the nation's "main enemies." Osama bin Laden is, presumably, a minor enemy.

As it happens, bin Laden and his al Qaeda network will have to contend with Ashcroft if their operatives are inside our borders, as will all other terrorist groups who attempt to reach into the United States and kill Americans. The president has sent Ashcroft and the Justice Department into battle to fight an unconventional war.

The president thinks about the war on terrorism in terms of "two fronts"—one abroad, fought through the Defense Department, and the other at home, waged through Justice. The latter department isn't uninvolved in the war being fought overseas with aircraft and soldiers. One of the original duties of the attorney general's office, created in 1789, was to provide legal advice to the president, and Ashcroft has offered Bush counsel on the use of military tribunals to try captured terrorists. Bush authorized such tribunals a few weeks ago, and the attorney general has not shied from defending them before the public. His main assignment, however, is to fight terrorism at home.

He has moved swiftly to do that. Before September 11, fighting terrorism wasn't even among Justice's top five priorities. Afterwards, it shot up to No. 1. The goal includes investigating and prosecuting crimes of terrorism, Justice's traditional role. But in light of bin Laden's designs on America, the department now is far more preoccupied with preventing further terrorist acts. As Ashcroft explained at a Senate hearing in late September, "The new terrorist threat to Americans on our soil is a turning point in America's history. It is a new challenge for law enforcement. Our fight . . . is not merely or primarily a criminal justice endeavor—it is defense of our nation and its citizens. We cannot wait for terrorists to strike to begin investigations and make arrests. The death tolls are too high, the consequences too great. We must prevent first, prosecute second."

The order to prevent terrorism came straight from the president. Ashcroft has told aides about a meeting in the Oval Office. Robert Mueller, confirmed just days before as director of the FBI, was also there. "They all realized that there was a threat" of more terrorism inside the United States, says one aide. And the president told Ashcroft, in so many words, "never to let this happen again."

Ashcroft has been invigorated by his new assignment. Indeed, his has been a dramatic change in fortune. Last November he was defeated in his bid for reelection to the Senate. Not close to Bush, he wasn't the president's first choice for attorney general. He was selected in part because conservatives wanted an unambiguous conservative in the job—a description Ashcroft certainly fit. Because of the Democrats' disagreement with his politics, however, he endured a bruising confirmation battle. Democrats relentlessly challenged him on gun control, abortion, civil rights, and most of all his role in defeating

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the judicial nomination of the first black member of the Missouri Supreme Court. He was confirmed by the narrowest vote of any Bush cabinet member, 58 to 42.

Those close to Ashcroft say the sharp, at times personal, comments about him by former colleagues surprised and wounded him. That may help explain his low profile during his early months as attorney general. Ashcroft did take positions that pleased conservatives—most notably, he said the Second Amendment protects the individual's right to bear arms. But he did not emerge as the conservative activist liberals had feared. In a recent Supreme Court case, for example, rather than opposing a federal statute permitting racial preferences, he defended it, doubtless over his own strongly held policy beliefs. As for the department's day-to-day labor, Ashcroft, according to some Justice officials, often seemed bored with it. Life in the Bush cabinet may have proved too constraining for a former senator. There was talk in the corridors of Justice that the attorney general's real interest lay elsewhere—perhaps in another run for elective office.

Since September 11, Ashcroft has seemed a man liberated. His energies are concentrated almost entirely on fighting terrorism.

But then came September 11 and Bush's deployment of General Ashcroft to the domestic front. He seems a man liberated. He works long hours seven days a week, and his energies are concentrated on fighting terrorism. "He's very focused, very committed, very intense," says one Justice official. Ashcroft, the son and grandson of Pentecostal ministers and a man who takes his faith seriously, sees his September 11 assignment (as the president does his) in terms of calling. And daily he is reminded of what the terrorists did on September 11. A few days after the 11th, he hung in his office a photograph of Barbara Olson, taken during his confirmation hearings. It shows her speaking into microphones at a rally of his supporters. Barbara Olson, wife of Theodore B. Olson, the solicitor general and fourth-ranking Justice Department officer, was on the plane that the terrorists crashed into the Pentagon.

For Justice, fighting terrorism has required new legislation (the so-called Patriot Act, passed in October), new regulations, and new approaches to law enforcement, including a new Foreign Terrorist Tracking Task Force, whose goal is to prevent terrorists from entering the country and to find any who are here. In what the president (echoed by Ashcroft) has called a wartime reorganization of the Justice Department, federal prosecutors, FBI agents, and immigration officers now have as their primary mission the prevention of terrorist attacks. The FBI and the Immigration and Naturalization Service are to undergo fundamental restructuring. The department will end up spending less time on other responsibilities, while shifting 10 percent of the employee positions at the main Washington office, the FBI, and other agencies to field offices around the country.

Once beefed up, these field offices will provide hands for a new anti-terrorism task force in every U.S. attorney's office. Michael Chertoff, the assistant attorney general in charge of the Criminal Division, oversees the task forces' efforts—with Ashcroft at his elbow. And Ashcroft has centralized decision-making authority in his own office for prosecuting terrorism cases and preventing future terrorist acts. He will make the important decisions, with help from Chertoff and Deputy Attorney General Larry Thompson, among others. "There's so much that can go on, and [the cases] are so far-flung, that to have it uncoordinated centrally, you run the risk of missing the big picture," says Chertoff, who was a U.S. attorney in New Jersey under Bush's father. "You run the risk of everyone seeing a small piece, but no one being able to stand back and say, 'Wait a minute, these pieces fit together, . . . and that's not even to mention the international component.'"

Ashcroft has carved out a huge role for himself in the area of criminal law: the supervision of merely the biggest criminal investigation in American history. "I was thinking the other day," Chertoff told me, "that when I came into this job [heading the Criminal Division] I didn't have a sense of who in the department I would see most on a regular basis. I wind up with the attorney general more than any other . . . official in the government. Which is indicative of how deeply involved he is in this."

It's a wonder that Ashcroft has time for the press. But he's before cameras almost daily, holding press conferences to announce results of the department's efforts and explain new policies. "There's been a big, big public affairs component," says one aide. Ashcroft has made some stumbles. On October 31, he said the government had apprehended suspects—three Michigan men—thought to have had advance knowledge of the September 11 hijackings. Three days later the department issued this terse statement: "At this time, the Department does not take the position that the three Michigan men had knowledge of the September 11 events." Nonetheless, and despite a voice so uninflected it lulls you to sleep, Ashcroft does more than okay with the American people, perhaps because of his evident commitment to the war on terrorism. His job approval ratings run above 60 percent.

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Darren Gygi

The problem he has, if it is a problem, is with the critics who claim he's a threat to civil liberties. The ACLU, editorialists across the country, and most of the Democrats on the Senate Judiciary Committee, as well as some libertarians, take this view. Clearly, they irritate him just as much as he irritates them. Last week, in his appearance before the Senate Judiciary Committee, Ashcroft said his critics "only aid terrorists, for they erode our national unity and diminish our resolve." Ashcroft didn't name the critics, but his unwise comment—a "smear," declared an editorial in the *Washington Post*—doubtless is juicing them up.

To see how the Justice Department has gone about fighting terrorism, it's useful to look back to September 11, when Ashcroft began the investigation. His immediate focus was the dead hijackers. The department traced their countries of origin (all were from the Middle East) and travel histories, and collected financial and phone records. Since then, the aim has been to find accomplices—those who might have helped the hijackers—and also any associates of the hijackers. The department has been pursuing money trails, sometimes around the world and back, in order, as Chertoff says, "to get as broad a picture as possible of the people involved."

The department also began reviewing "old" terrorism cases—those investigated before September 11. Some, says Chertoff, were cold, meaning nothing had come of them. Others hadn't really been worked. The point of the review, he says, is to determine whether there are "other people out there who have links" to al Qaeda and, if so, to "reactivate those investigations."

In addition, the department began attacking what Chertoff calls "the conditions" that facilitate terrorist acts. He means the support network—"the people who help [terrorists] by renting cars, signing guarantees for leases, things of that sort." The point here has been to find the people "who might be, wittingly or unwittingly, available to help the next bomber." If those people are no longer around to help, that next bomber's support network may be weaker.

The department also has conducted interviews—with college students (on more than 200 campuses) from Middle Eastern countries, and with 5,000 young Middle Eastern men who entered the country in the past two years from nations with links to terrorism. The interviews are voluntary, and, notwithstanding critics' claim that such interviews are inherently coercive, there have been almost no complaints from the interviewees. The purpose of the interviews has been to gather information relevant to terrorist activity, past or future. Recently the department began offering noncitizens a carrot: Those who volunteer "useful and reliable information" about anyone who has committed or is about to commit a terrorist attack can qualify for a green card, a first step toward becoming an American citizen.

In sum, what the department has been trying to do is identify, as Chertoff puts it, "the broadest range of people that we need to be concerned about"—that is, terrorists, their accomplices, and their helpers. Critics contend that the department has purposely gone after Middle Eastern men. It would seem the department has done that, and indeed couldn't help but do it, given the ethnicity of

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What's On The Minds of America's Leading Conservatives?

Popular conservative authors pictured (left to right) Alan Keyes, G. Gordon Liddy, Robert Bork, Ann Coulter, Robert Novak, Thomas Sowell, William F. Buckley, William J. Bennett

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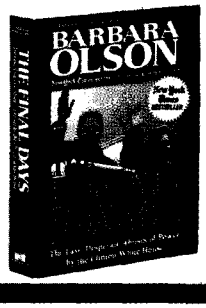

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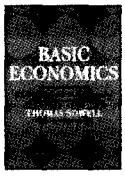

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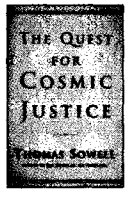

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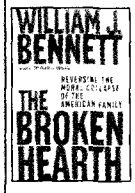

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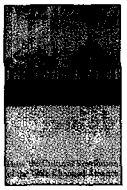

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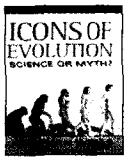

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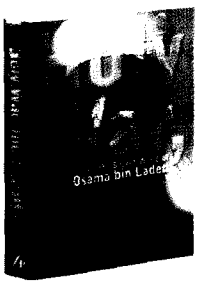

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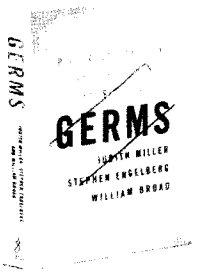

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those who seized the planes on September 11. Yet the department insists the criteria it is using to look for terrorists don't include ethnicity but rather "commonsense" factors. Says Chertoff: "We look at things such as where you've come from in terms of travel, how you've entered, what your travel pattern has been, what your visa's been, things like that, which are based upon our experience both in this case and in others, about where terrorists train, where they tend to have points of departure. . . . Whatever the impact [is] in terms of particular groups, what's driving us here is the criteria that the criminals and the terrorists are choosing in setting up their conspiracy and carrying it out."

Justice is dealing with suspected terrorists according to a strategy Ashcroft says he borrowed from Robert F. Kennedy (for whom the main Justice building was renamed last month). In his campaign against organized crime, Kennedy used obscure statutes to arrest and detain suspected mobsters in order to disrupt their efforts. Ashcroft says he's doing the same thing now. Thus, Justice will bring whatever case it can against a suspect, if it cannot bring an actual terrorism charge. "Let the terrorists among us be warned," Ashcroft said in a speech to the nation's mayors. "If you overstay your visa—even by one day—we will arrest you. If you violate a local law, you will be put in jail and kept in custody as long as possible. We will use every available statute. We will seek every prosecutorial advantage. . . . Our single objective is to prevent terrorist attacks by taking suspected terrorists off the streets."

Justice says that only 16 of 158,000 inmates now in federal custody would be eligible to have their communications with their lawyers monitored.

The great objection to this approach was famously articulated by Justice Robert Jackson in a 1940 speech to U.S. attorneys when he warned of the most dangerous power a prosecutor has: "He will pick people he thinks he should get rather than pick cases that need to be prosecuted." Justice Antonin Scalia cited Jackson in his memorable dissent in the 1988 case sustaining the independent counsel statute against constitutional challenge, and conservatives quoted Jackson often in the battle over the legality and wisdom of that law, now happily expired. But Ashcroft's critics haven't invoked Jackson, doubtless because of the present wartime context.

In any event, the Justice Department maintains that every case it brings in the war on terrorism will be justified on its own terms. "We can't detain anybody unless they've committed a crime or an immigration violation," says Chertoff. "So there's no concept that we can just identify somebody and say, 'We're going to detain you for no reason.'" He adds, "Nobody has a right to be immune from being charged or prosecuted based on a law violation. It's true that, a lot of times because of scarce resources, we don't necessarily do small cases. But that's a matter of grace, not of right." When "it's in the interest of national security to adjust our priorities," he says, we must do so. And this is what the department is doing now.

Justice has yet to charge anyone for the attacks of September 11. "Not to this point," is the tantalizing way Chertoff puts it. But the department has detained more than 1,200 people and released about half of them. The key question about those still in custody is which of them are still terrorism suspects, and which are not but are believed to have violated some law and are therefore, under the new approach, subject to prosecution. Ashcroft has refused to identify most of those in custody and has offered little information about them, a point that annoys his critics, though not (here again) the majority of Americans.

The same can be said of a new regulation permitting the monitoring of communications between those in custody and their lawyers. This may be done when "reasonable suspicion exists to believe that a particular inmate may use communications with attorneys or their agents to further or facilitate acts of terrorism"—something al Qaeda operatives have been known to do. That's one reason this regulation has stirred little controversy. There are others. First, both the person in custody and his lawyer are to be notified in writing of the monitoring. Second, the point of the monitoring is to learn about imminent violence or terrorist activity, in order that the government can move against it. Third, other information gleaned from the monitoring can't be used in any way unless the government first gets permission from a court. Justice says that only 16 of 158,000 inmates currently in federal custody would be eligible for monitoring.

Clearly, we're in the early phases of the war on terrorism. Ashcroft and his aides know that they can't guarantee there won't be another major terrorist attack. They can only hope that their strategy, aggressive as it is, will prove sufficient. "We're doing all we humanly can to disrupt and impede and deflect terrorist acts," says Chertoff. The question Ashcroft's armchair generals rarely ask is whether that will be enough. Day by day, we're going to find out. ♦

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The Crybaby Left

They'd love to be the victims of American intolerance, but they're not.

By Noemie Emery

More than two months after the terrorist attacks that took the lives of 4,000 people, and ripped up the lives of ten times that number, leftists in this country have found victims to cry for: themselves. It seems they are being suppressed, by a reign of terror.

Exhibit A in the tale of this great reign of terror is Richard A. Berthold, professor of history at the University of New Mexico, who, while the Pentagon still was on fire, told his class, "Anyone who can blow up the Pentagon would have my vote." In the context, of course, this did not seem too funny, and students, legislators, and community leaders soon demanded his job, or his head. He was moved for some time off campus in concern for his safety. Now, his case is undergoing review by university officers, and he may be suspended.

Threats are abhorrent, and words should not be answered by violence. But according to FIRE—the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education, a nonpartisan group that fields complaints from all comers—for every case like Berthold's, of someone in trouble for mocking the war or the country, there are ten other cases on campuses of students or teachers who have been threatened or suspended or received a reprimand for supporting the country and the war.

There is Kenneth Hearlson, professor of political science at Orange Coast College in California, suspended at once and without a hearing when he complained about Muslims' silence in the face of attacks upon Christians and Jews. What he had said about suicide bombings was, "I want to see the Arab world stand up and say, 'This is wrong.'" There is Charles H. Fairbanks, fired (and rehired, under media pressure) from his post at Johns Hopkins's School of Advanced International Studies, for remarks considered "hurtful" by his Muslim students in the course of a post-strike debate.

At San Diego University, a student who argued with other students who had cheered the attacks was threatened with discipline. At the State College of the Holy Cross in Massachusetts, a department head took down a flag hung up by a secretary in honor of her late friend Todd Beamer, one of the passengers who helped force down Flight 93. At Lehigh, a vice provost removed a flag from the campus bus (and later apologized).

At Florida Gulf Coast University, the dean of library services ordered employees to remove stickers reading "Proud to be an American," an order later revoked by the university's president. At Central Michigan University, administrators told students to remove posters of eagles and flags from their dorm, as being "offensive" to others. At the University of Massachusetts, dissident students received a permit to hold an antiwar rally. Days later, other students requested permission to rally in the same place, this time supporting the war and the government. Permission was granted, then quickly revoked. The students met anyhow, and had their pamphlets vandalized by radical dissidents. No action was taken to punish the vandals.

Outside, in the great world, the Terror raged on. Susan Sontag, whose short piece in the *New Yorker* dripped contempt for this country, was "being vilified everywhere," the *Nation*'s Katha Pollitt complained. Tsk tsk. Another victim was one Robert Jensen, professor of journalism at the University of Texas at Austin, who said in an op-ed that the United States was a terrorist nation that had more or less earned what it got. In response, he was called "a fountain of undiluted foolishness" by the university president, and received much angry mail. Jensen has tenure, but worries greatly about the "chilling effect" upon less lucky people. "The question," he asked a reporter, "is, how do students and junior faculty respond to such a public humiliation?" (The answer is, they live with it, as generations of conservatives have done.) Meanwhile, Jensen has his job, Sontag has her clique of devoted admirers, and dissent, such as it is, does roll on.

"Patriotism threatens free speech with death," said novelist Barbara Kingsolver, who then was invited to elaborate on her views—that "the American flag stands for intimidation, censorship, violence, bigotry, sexism,

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homophobia," and many more evils—in some of the biggest newspapers in the country, including the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *Washington Post*, where she complained at great length of oppression. She was then featured, along with Sontag and Indian novelist Arundhati Roy, who had said that Bush and bin Laden were moral equivalents, in *Newsweek*, where the three were played up as brave dissident heroines. Roy, the most anti-American, got a full-page glamour shot in color. Such is the cost of dissent in flag-waving America. And nary a censor in sight.

One reason the left feels a little unsettled is that it is being held now, for the first time ever, to the standard it set. Having benefited for thirty years from the double standard that says that feminists, gays, and ethnic minorities must not be insulted, but that Catholics and veterans should be attacked (and must pay for the privilege via NEA grants to spurious artists), it is finding out that more conventional people also have feelings, and scream loudly when these are hurt. How were leftists to know that patriots would suddenly decide to do what activists have been doing for ages, and cry out when offended? The flag-wavers had broken the unwritten rule.

Most Americans love their country while disliking certain things in it, and work hard to correct what they see as its flaws.

Who thought the rules the leftists wrote could hurt them? And who thought, too, that pious dissenters from the national mainstream could find themselves faced with dissenters from their leftist pieties? In their eyes, Robert Jensen suffers a "*public humiliation*" when his university's president disputes his ideas. To these people, angry letters pouring in to a "dissident" writer are an assault upon free expression. Actually, they *are* free expression. Some people think otherwise. "I thought we were a rowdy, rambunctious, quarrelsome democracy," Sontag said. "But it turns out we have increasingly become incredibly conformist, and very afraid of debate." But this *is* debate, and she does not like it, as people are rambunctiously angry with her.

In discussing "dissent," it might help us to realize just what the present crop of leftist "dissenters" are against. In the past, debates were about policy, about what best served the national interest. Today, the debate is about whether the country itself is worth saving, a quantum difference. In 1941, few Americans thought that their country had Pearl Harbor coming. Norman Thomas, Charles Lindbergh, and Joseph P. Kennedy greatly misjudged the threat of the Axis, but their concern for the nation was never in question. By contrast, after September 11, there was no shortage of precious opinion denouncing America as a fountain of terror, and the flag as a blood-crusted travesty. Sontag compared Congress to a Soviet parliament. Kingsolver said the flag stood for oppression and censorship. Jonathan Cohn of the *New Republic* attended a meeting of MIT activists, and found them mainly afraid of their country. In the *New York Observer*, liberal columnist Molly Haskell noted the tendency of some of her friends to switch the subject from mass murder to American guilt.

Most Americans—left, right, and center—love their country while disliking certain things in it, and work hard to correct what they see as its flaws. This is their main goal, and a work of devotion. For the hard left, however, disliking the country is the main point. This left defines itself in opposition to country and culture, and works back from there to find reasons for opposing it; even, and frequently, making things up.

Mysteriously, this does not sell well to the American people, who are aware of the faults of their country, but who know that the balance—especially when compared with other real-life countries and cultures—is nowhere as grim as all that. The hard left asserts that this country deserves to be hated. No wonder it's not catching on.

What has not caught on either is the left's parallel theory: that armed force solves nothing, and always is wrong. But most people realize that force—which freed the American colonies, saved the Union, ended slavery, put Auschwitz out of business and destroyed the regime that created it—is quite often justified, and has accomplished a great deal. Hence the support for the war and the country is really something quite different: the informed response of a free people to a great threat and great wrong. The left has not been suppressed, just overwhelmed, by a vast swell of common-sense public opinion. And common sense is something the hard left has lacked.

"Dissent" of the kind heard from the left comes not from the ranks of those active in politics, but from the literate fringe—the professors, the pundits, the critics, the "artists"—not people who deal with the world and with power, but who push words around in their heads. When you live in your head, it is possible to make up an ideal world, and call your country evil when it fails to achieve this perfection. It is also possible to think you can wish away war.

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Not only do these people live in their heads, but they tend to live among like-minded people, where their thoughts are not tested by argument. And so it is hard to tell thought from posturing, and it is hard to tell what words mean. Jennie Traschen, a professor at the University of Massachusetts, told a town meeting (on September 10) that the American flag is "a symbol of terrorism and death and fear and destruction and oppression." Did she mean anything by this, or was it just patter that thoughtlessly rolled off her tongue?

It seems now that it was the bad luck of poor Richard Berthold to have lived much too long in a setting where lighthearted jests about blowing up the Pentagon were as common as "Good morning, how are you?" and were said as automatically and to as little effect. How was he to know that his bad nervous joke—for he quickly realized how ghastly it sounded—was not funny to everyone, and especially not on that morning? He wouldn't know, for no one would tell him. Doesn't everyone think the armed forces are vile? Don't all the best people agree?

In a sane world, Berthold would make his apology, have it accepted—along with a nice check to the firefighters of Arlington County and the families of the victims of the crash at the Pentagon—and go back to his classroom a much wiser person. His misfortune is that he does not live in a sane world, but in one set up by the left for its uses, where an unfounded complaint can get someone fired, and "insensitivity" charges can end a career.

In the great world outside of the campus, too, a price has been paid for free speech. Two journalists on small papers lost their jobs since September 11 for tastelessly mocking the president; Bill Maher's TV show lost two sponsors after he tastelessly mocked the dead in the towers; and Ann Coulter, a conservative firebrand, was dismissed as contributing editor to *National Review* online for tastelessly urging the killing of Muslims. Such is the body count, in mainstream America. Meanwhile, on the campus—the one place in the country where speaking your mind really *can* get you in serious trouble—the tumbrels roll on. ♦

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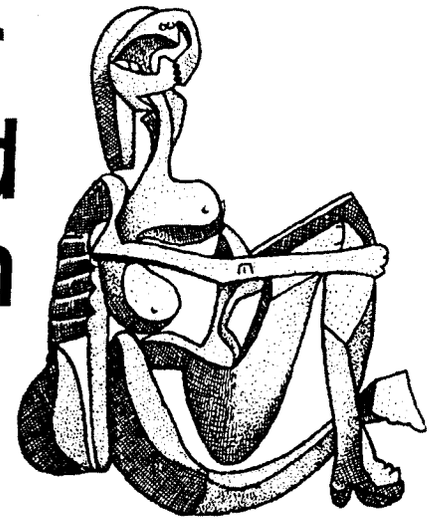

In the "Bad Old Days," We Said:	Now Supposedly Enlightened, We Say:
the House of God	worship space
St. Mary's Catholic Church	St. Mary's Catholic Community
hymn	song
Holy Sacrifice of the Mass	liturgical festivities
sacred Host	bread
precious Blood	wine
Transubstantiation	[huh?]
priest	presider or presbyter
Bishop Smith	Bishop Bob
The Holy Father	that bishop in Rome
Kingdom of God	Realm of God
Our Father in Heaven	Our Parent in heaven
"...God and His love"	"...God and God's love"
Son of God	Child of God
Our Lord Jesus Christ	the Christ figure
A.D. (*Anno Domini*)	C.E. (Common Era)
Our Lady of Guadalupe	Our Woman of Guadalupe
husband and wife	partners
shack-ups	partners
orthodoxy	fundamentalism
dissent, heresy	creative fidelity
sin	alternative lifestyles
Hell	[shhh!]
May God bless you.	Have a nice day.

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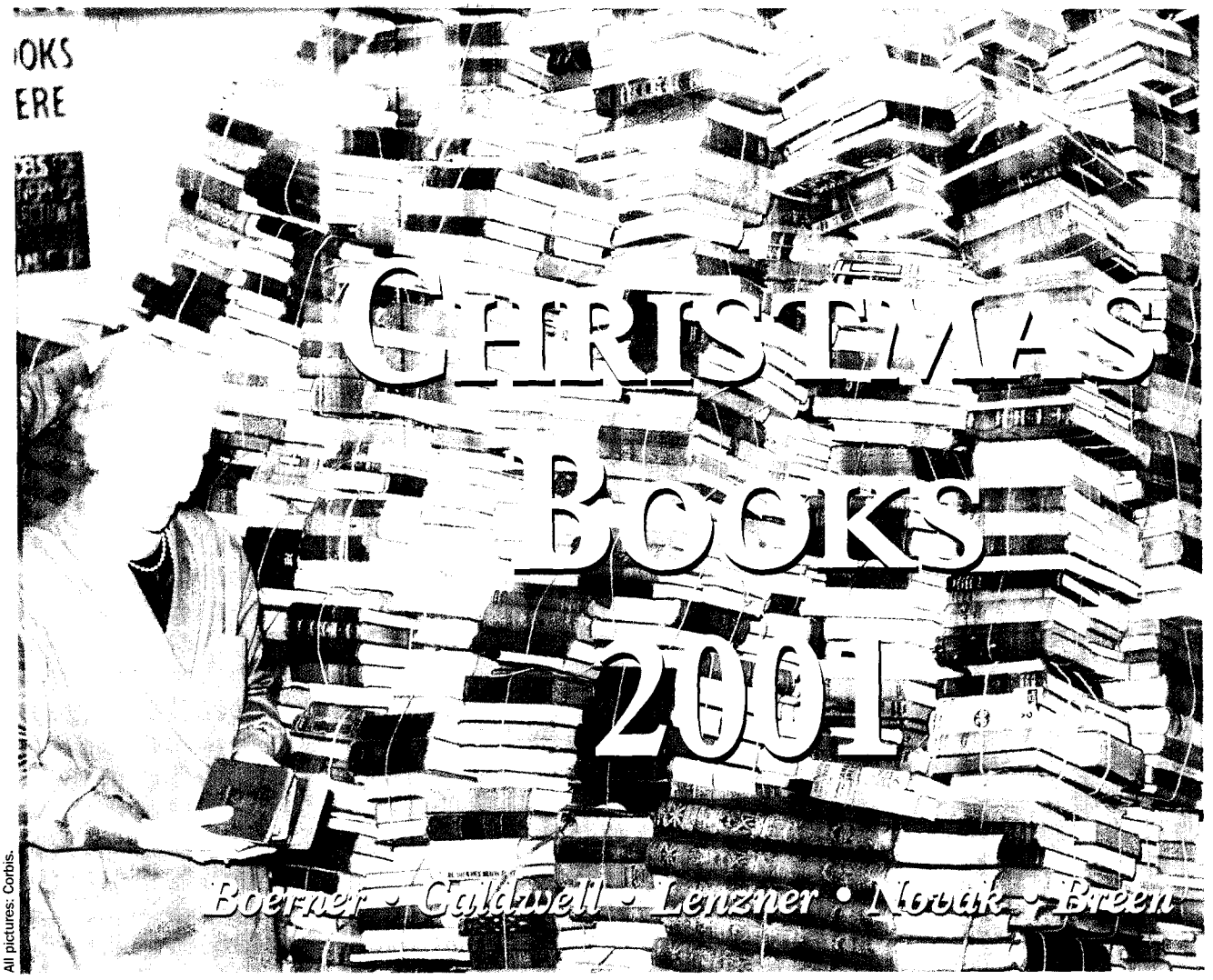

All pictures: Corbis.

Frankenstein's Creator

The surprisingly admirable life of Mary Shelley.

BY MARGARET BOERNER

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin Shelley clinched her name in history at the very beginning of her womanhood. She was born in 1797 and at the age of sixteen, she eloped with Percy Bysshe Shelley. At the age of nineteen she wrote *Frankenstein*. She never did anything else as memorable.

But she was always a thoroughly admirable individual, and she lived a hard life. A decade before her death in 1851 at age fifty-three, she wrote in her journal that her youth had been "nursed and fed with a love of glory," and that "To be something great and good was a precept given me by my father: Shelley reiterated it, . . . but Shelley died & I was alone—my father from age & domestic circumstances & other things could not *me faire valoir*—none else noticed me."

Mary Shelley
by Miranda Seymour
Grove Press, 655 pp., $35

During the years after Shelley's death in 1822, as Mary struggled to support herself and her son, she came to realize that she could "see things pretty clearly, but cannot demonstrate them," and "had not argumentative powers." But she concluded, as befits a descendant of Calvinists, that "we are sent here to educate ourselves & that self denial & disappointment & self controul are a part of our education—that it is not by taking away all restraining law that our improvement is to be achieved—& though many things need *great* amendment—I can by no means go so far as my *friends* would have me."

With these words from her later years, she may be repudiating the radical principles she had known during her upbringing and marriage (principles rejected by almost all who had witnessed the horrors of the French Revolution). But they are also the words of a resolute woman who had constantly stayed true to her course of self-improvement.

In an exhaustive probing of all the available documents, Miranda Seymour's new biography, *Mary Shelley*, shows Mary continually acquiring new languages and new subjects. She earned her living from novels, travel books, children's stories, essays, translations, and biographies. And "self denial & disappointment & self controul" were part of an education

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acquired in the face of adversities that few of us experience. Mary Shelley was motherless, husbandless, and essentially fatherless for most of her life. She was even sometimes friendless, as many of her "friends" used her for her name and then betrayed her.

They could do so, because she was famous from the moment she was born. Her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, who died giving birth to her, was the celebrated author of *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*, a text acclaimed in England, France, Germany, and the United States as demanding the same rights for women that the *encyclopédistes* were demanding for men. Mary's father was William Godwin, the author of *An Enquiry Concerning the Nature of Political Justice*. Although he was "rational" to the point of frigidity, Mary adored him, and the house was always full of interesting people.

During her youth, Mary heard Coleridge read his just-written "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" in her father's parlor, hung with a portrait of her mother. She knew Aaron Burr in disgrace and poverty, befriended by her father, and she heard half the intelligentsia of England arguing the country's problems long before she met Shelley and Byron. As a child she was pointed out as "the offspring of a remarkable union," and was "shown off to visitors as Mary Wollstonecraft in the making and brought into the parlour to listen to the conversation of her father and his friends." Shelley himself was interested in her because of her parents.

In 1801, Godwin remarried. His second wife, Mary Jane Clairmont, was "a troublemaker and a liar" who preferred her own children. (Although even she made a contribution to the family bibliography. Her translation of Johanna Spyri's *The Swiss Family Robinson* was the standard English text for many years.)

But the family's troubles really began with the next generation. Mary Jane's daughter, Claire Clairmont, was an incipient paranoiac who was drawn into the circle of Shelley and Byron—and then blamed Mary for her troubles with the poets. Wollstonecraft's other daughter, Fanny, was constitutionally depressed and ordered by their stepmother to be the household servant. She committed suicide. Shelley's first wife Harriet, whom he left for Mary, committed suicide as well.

Shelley himself was a thoughtless husband who did as he pleased while Mary struggled to run the household. Three of their four children died in

childhood. Shelley drowned in a suicidally careless boat trip when Mary was only twenty-five. And her father-in-law, a rich man, kept her and her one surviving child, Percy, his only legitimate grandchild, on an allowance of only £100 a year (one-tenth of what he had given Shelley). Offers of marriage were made, but not by those to whom she could "give the treasure of my heart."

Finally, Sir Timothy threatened to withdraw even his minuscule support if she produced any writing about Shelley or her life with him. Sir Timothy had taken it into his head that Mary had been responsible for his estrangement from Shelley—although his radical poet son had been provoking him long before Mary came along.

Through all these adversities, Mary remained "sedate, composed" with the "maturity of a forty-year-old." Even her daughter-in-law declared that it was Mary rather than Mary's son Percy to whom she had "lost her heart." "To live with Mary Shelley was indeed like entertaining an angel," Lady Jane Shelley declared to a later biographer. "Perfect unselfishness, selflessness indeed, characterized her at all times."

By the time Lady Jane said this, Mary was long dead, and her daughter-in-law was the keeper of the Shelley flame. But Lady Jane's was not an incorrect description of one who had to live with persistent gossip about her sexual life (in fact, she belonged entirely to Shelley) because she had eloped at sixteen with a married man to set up a *ménage à trois* with her half-sister and whomever else Shelley chose to invite to practice his politicized "free love." As the Romantic era segued into the Victorian era, the radical beliefs of Wollstonecraft, Godwin, and Shelley grew less attractive, and Mary paid for not lying about the fact that Shelley had been her lover before she became his wife.

Mary's literary output was prodigious and learned. But like all the second rank of writers of her day, she was paid poorly, and she did not have the sort of modern copyright in *Frankenstein* that would have given her a steady income. It has been estimated she made on the average £50 a year from her work, barely enough to send Percy to Harrow as befitted the offspring of gentry (his grandfather would not contribute). Of all her output, only *Frankenstein* remains well known.

Frankenstein's monster quickly became a powerful allusion and subject for shows and theater. Comic books, movies, and television have carried its

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popularity into modern times. But the popular take on the creature as a violent monster is quite different from the creature Mary Shelley meant to recount, and her more complex story has lately received the attention of scholars.

Indeed, *Frankenstein*'s reputation has also never been higher in academe, and it is now available in the Bedford series of Case Studies in Contemporary Criticism—a sure indication of its placement in the canon. It's there one finds the usual fashionable and silly critiques, all in the service of the post-structuralist conviction that the text is indeterminate and undecidable: *Frankenstein* is "a complex treatise on situational ethics"; it is "about Victor [but] also about what his monstrous masculinity does to women"; it denounces "the 'hideous progeny' of the first phase of industrial capitalism"; it has remained popular because of "its representation of concerns at the center of Anglo-American culture"; for Mary Shelley, composing it was "a form of matricide, of killing the Symbolic mother subordinated to father or husband."

The inception of *Frankenstein* is well known. Shelley wrote in his preface to the 1818 edition that "two other friends . . . and myself agreed to write each a story, founded on some supernatural occurrence." He and Byron quickly forgot their "ghostly visions," leaving only *Frankenstein* to emerge from the story-telling session. In the 1831 third edition, Mary claimed the others had immediately started writing, but she was without a theme until she had a dream after hearing Byron and Shelley discuss how life could be generated, based on Erasmus Darwin's success in causing a piece of vermicelli to move and Galvani's experiments of making dead animals twitch their limbs. That night, Mary recalled, "when I placed my head on my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I say—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision."

Miranda Seymour is not very interesting on Mary Shelley's writings. Her notion of how fiction works is perfunctory at best, and she believes *Frankenstein* is "a great work because we can read what we will from it"—which Seymour then proceeds to do. Scattered throughout the biography are mutually exclusive and self-parodic interpretations of the novel.

But the truth of the matter is that *Frankenstein* is not great literature, and one is hard put to make a coherent whole out of it. Mary Shelley was indeed very young, and it is an immature production. Dr. Victor Frankenstein's creature is portrayed as both a destructive fiend and a misunderstood lover of humanity who just wants a girlfriend like any other young man.

In fact, a fair amount of the novel is taken up with the intolerance he encounters because of his looks. It seems Victor, although he had "selected his [creation's] features as beautiful," had ended up making his creation look like a "demoniacal corpse." Feeling "the bitterness of disappointment," he realized that "no mortal could support the horror of that countenance" with its "yellow skin," "shriveled complexion," and "straight black lips." Horrified, Victor falls into "nervous fever," while his creation roams the neighborhood looking for someone who will love him. All reject the monster. He only "desired love and fellowship," but he "was still spurned."

Following a tradition established in the eighteenth century, *Frankenstein* is a novel written in the form of letters—which makes the horrors within it at once disturbing and remote. Mary Shelley seems to consider Victor Frankenstein as both a creative scientist and mad schemer who "in a fit of enthusiastic madness" succeeded in creating "a rational creature" whose "happiness and well-being" he failed to look after. Dr. Frankenstein's last words to the world are as thoroughly confused as the whole story. He advises us to "seek happiness in tranquillity" and "avoid ambition, even if it be only the apparently innocent one of distinguishing yourself in science and discoveries. Yet why do I say this? I have myself been blasted in these hopes, yet another may succeed."

One could go on and on, listing the novel's shortcomings. The creaking prose and the undifferentiated speech of the characters are particularly maddening. And yet there is a reason *Frankenstein* was popular from its first publication. It's not a great novel in its prose, its motivation, its character types, or even in its plot. But Mary Shelley created first-rate images. She had an understanding of fable, and she created a genuine myth.

Preposterous as is the scene where Victor discovers his monster's "unearthly ugliness," no one can forget the "dreary night of November" when Victor "beheld the accomplishment of [his] toils."

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Nor can one forget "the figure of a man, at some distance, advancing . . . with superhuman speed . . . over the crevices in the ice, among which [Victor] had walked with caution." Nor the monster's first learning, "with pleasure, that fire gave light as well as heat." Nor the monster's learning to speak by listening to cottagers with "gentle manners" whom he "longed to join." Nor the monster killing Victor's child so that the child's death "will carry despair to him, and a thousand other miseries shall torment and destroy him." Nor our last glimpse of the monster giving up thought of revenge and resolving to "seek the most northern extremity of the globe" where he will collect his

> funeral pile, and consume to ashes this miserable frame, where its remains may afford no light to any curious and unhallowed wretch, who would create such another as I have been. . . . He is dead who called me into being; and when I shall be no more, the very remembrance of us both will speedily vanish. I shall no longer see the sun or stars, or feel the winds play on my cheeks. Light, feeling, and sense, will pass away; and in this condition must I find my happiness.

Unfortunately for Mary Shelley, her latest biographer is not a myth maker. Miranda Seymour's prose is abominable—not because it is ungrammatical or awkward, but because she insists upon telling us in the most awful banalities what the persons in her biography were thinking.

According to Seymour, Byron must have speculated, "If a convent could turn his strong-willed child into a young lady with half his Teresa's charm, he would feel well satisfied." It is damnable to put this sort of prose in the mouth of Byron—one of the finest stylists in English and a man who never used a meretricious phrase unironically.

Seymour does the same to Mary Shelley. She writes, for example, that if Mary "cried a little at the thought of leaving behind the father she loved and worried for so much, she was not going to admit such weakness to her diary." (In other words, it wasn't in her diary, but Seymour wants Mary to have the proper feelings and insists upon using cliché to render them.)

Full as it is of useful and potentially arresting detail, *Mary Shelley* is ultimately unreadable, so relentlessly does Seymour make everyone sound like a *Cosmo* girl. It hardly needs to be said that this is about as far as one can get from the interesting and admirable Mary Shelley—a woman who knew that "self denial & disappointment & self controul are a part of our education." ♦

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Marilyn Chandler McEntyre

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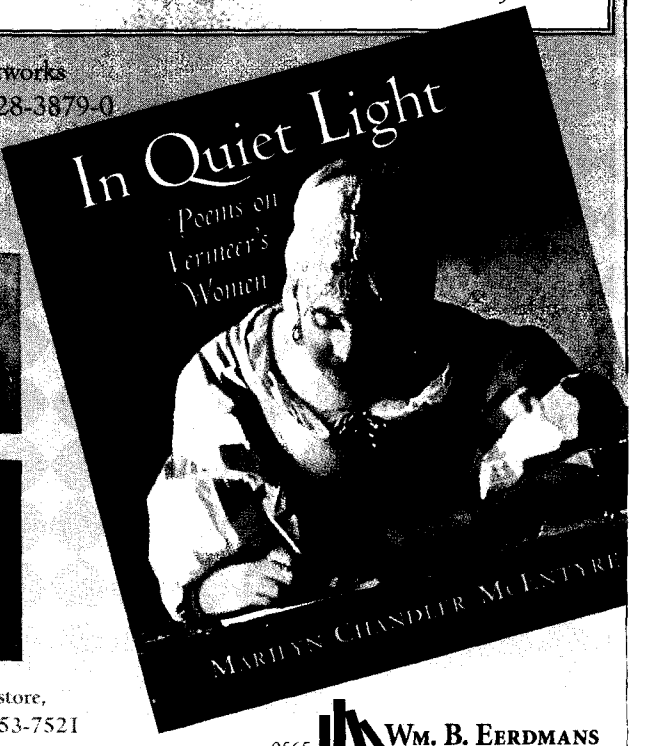

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Dear Diary . . .

The art of speaking to yourself.

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

An anthology of diary entries may seem a silly idea, rather like an anthology of *everything*. But, in fact, diaries are not infinitely varied. Some are to-do lists in living color. Others are extended brags, storing up triumphs against future blue episodes. Still others are exercises in *esprit de l'escalier*, meant to guard the writer from repeating his most egregious social blunders and committing those of others.

But all diaries are, after a fashion, therapeutic. That's why the modern diary dates only from the mid-seventeenth century, or roughly when modernity made therapy a priority. And it's why the 1,500 entries the Scottish journalists Irene and Alan Taylor have assembled in *The Assassin's Cloak* never seem like the mere grab-bag they are—even though the Taylors' selection, organized by calendar date, spans 170 writers and four centuries.

The Assassin's Cloak
An Anthology of the World's Greatest Diarists
edited by Irene and Alan Taylor
Canongate, 684 pp., $35

Many of the writers here owe their literary fame largely, even primarily, to their diaries (Pepys, Boswell, Gide, Count Harry Kessler). But the diaries of those renowned for other things (Goebbels, Alec Guinness, Che Guevara) are, if anything, even more rewarding. Andy Warhol marvels at the way the fashion designer Halston berates employees for sport. "What do you mean you don't know where the *black* [radio] station is!" he hollers at a cab driver. "You're black, aren't you?" Dawn Powell is shocked to find that the egomaniacal author William Saroyan has an immigrant grandmother who is even more self-absorbed than he. "She is so stupid," the old lady says of a California neighbor. "Think of it. She has lived next door to me for 28 years and still can't speak a word of Armenian."

You can see why people would want to keep such dirt to themselves. Tolstoy belittles his son for having "the same castrated mind that his mother has," but adds, "If you two should ever read this, forgive me; it hurts me terribly." The socialist Beatrice Webb, in 1890, describes her first meeting with her future husband Sidney in terms that would have precluded further contact, never mind marriage, had they been voiced openly: "His tiny tadpole body, unhealthy skin, lack of manner, Cockney pronunciation, poverty, are all against him. He has the conceit of a man who has raised himself out of the most insignificant surroundings into a position of power. This self-compliant egotism, this disproportionate view of his own position, is at once repulsive and ludicrous."

It should not surprise us that nonnovelists are better at using their diaries to describe the world outside of their own heads. World War I nurse Florence Farmborough describes a German breach of Russian lines in April 1915 that leads to a horrifying all-out retreat and an order to abandon the wounded in the field hospitals where they lay. ("We had to wrench our skirts from their clinging hands.") Norman Lewis, who wrote an excellent book on Naples in wartime, describes the scene in his diaries from 1944: "Nothing has been too large or too small—from telegraph poles to phials of penicillin—to escape the Neapolitan kleptomania. A week or two ago an orchestra playing at the San Carlo, to an audience largely clothed in Allied hospital blankets, returned from a five-minute interval to find all its instruments missing."

Diaries, of course, allow first stabs at aphorisms, descriptions, and other constituent parts of what will later be better-thought-out literature. More often than not these are dead ends, and far too many private literary failures make it into this book. There are lousy metaphors. ("The snow is thicker, it clings to the branches like white new-born puppies," writes Katherine Mansfield in January 1922.) There is the epicene preciosity of Gerard Manley Hopkins ("Young elm leaves lash and lip the sprays"), alongside the preening anality of Sylvia Plath ("Yet sun, lying low on the fresh white paint of the storeroom door, reflecting in the umber-ugly paint coating the floorboards, and shafting a slant on the mauve-rusty rosy lavender rug from the west gable window").

Christopher Caldwell is a senior editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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And there is the consistent mental mediocrity of Henry David Thoreau. ("How different are men and women, e.g. in respect to the adornment of their heads! Do you ever see an old or jammed bonnet on the head of a woman at a public meeting?")

This is a very British book. Printed on stock used only for paper towels in other Western countries, it is three inches thick and light as a book of matches. It's riddled with misspellings, as if it had been typeset by drunks. The selection of diarists is skewed heavily towards English gossips (who exactly is Gyles Brandreth?) and Scottish invalids (like William Soutar, who gets more entries than anyone else in the book). And the editors' curiosity runs along very British lines.

First of all, there's the preoccupation with class. At the height of Great War austerity in 1917, Lady Asquith writes: "Moira told me an amusing story of Lady Wolverton. The latter, thinking the time had come to economise, got into a bus. She sat beside a woman who kept loudly sniffing and she asked her aggressively if she hadn't got a handkerchief. The woman replied: 'Yes, but I never lends it in a bus.'"

The Canadian diplomat Charles Ritchie, noting with disgust the persistence of the London "season" even in 1939, opines that "snobbery must indeed be a lusty plant that grows even on the edge of the precipice."

Second, sex. Pepys's diaries "are perhaps at their most piquant when he describes close encounters of a sexual nature," note the editors—who appear to think all diaries are at their most piquant when they describe such close encounters.

This is the case only for certain writers, such as Evelyn Waugh, who recounts, in 1924: "Mr Justice Phillimore was trying a sodomy case and brooded greatly whether his judgment had been right. He went to consult [former Lord Chancellor] Birkenhead. 'Excuse me, my lord, but could you tell me—What do you think one ought to give a man who allows himself to be buggered?' 'Oh, 30 shillings or 2 pounds—anything you happen to have on you.'"

Finally, war. There is much more on war than one would expect—particularly on World War II, that great collision of world history and British temperament. The war entries are some of the most moving in the book.

The novelist Barbara Pym, for instance, listens on the wireless to news of the Nazi invasion of Holland and Belgium, and writes: "The Dutch and Belgian Ministers spoke and the Dutch Minister sent a greeting to his wife and children and grandchildren. Then it was the most difficult thing to control oneself, and I know that if I had been alone I couldn't have done."

It is a sentiment that, in revealing the constraints placed on English people in public, helps explain why the English have always made such particularly good diarists. A diarist, after all, is someone who seeks freedom, attention, and companionship—and finds it locked in a room all by himself. ♦

The Dictator's Dotage

Vargas Llosa's novel about the conspiracy against General Trujillo. **BY STEVE LENZNER**

Mario Vargas Llosa's *The Feast of the Goat* portrays in stark terms the thirty-one-year reign over the Dominican Republic by General Rafael Trujillo, the man known as the Goat.

In alternating chapters, the novel presents three stories. The first is the story of Urania, the daughter of a leading Trujillista, and her long struggle to come to grips with an unspeakable act of betrayal she suffered in the days leading up to Trujillo's assassination in 1961. The second takes up Trujillo and his inner circle. It is a chilling if somewhat misleading picture of tyrannical decadence exacerbated by physical and mental decline. The third story revolves around the chief conspirators responsible for Trujillo's assassination.

The Feast of the Goat
by Mario Vargas Llosa
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 432 pp., $25

The Feast of the Goat opens in 1996, with Urania returning to Santo Domingo for the first time since 1961, determined at last to confront her demons. At the outset, all we know is that those demons are somehow connected to her father—and to the Trujillo regime, which she has spent her adult life obsessively trying to understand.

Urania's story is connected to the two other plotlines only insofar as the traumatic event she wrestles with occurred in the months in which they are set. The central story, Vargas Llosa's account of Trujillo's rule and its excesses, is graced by a brilliantly rendered portrait of his chief counselor, Joaquín Balaguer. Balaguer was nominally president of the Dominican Republic, and as the novel proceeds, he emerges as a man of genuine—if somewhat Machiavellian—virtue.

Balaguer served Trujillo for thirty years, consistently giving him prudent advice in a spirit of benevolent diffidence: "Unlike the other men in his intimate group, whose appetites [Trujillo] could read like an open book in their behavior, their initiatives and their flattery, Joaquin Balaguer always gave the impression of aspiring only to

Steve Lenzner is a research fellow at the New Citizenship Project in Washington, D.C.

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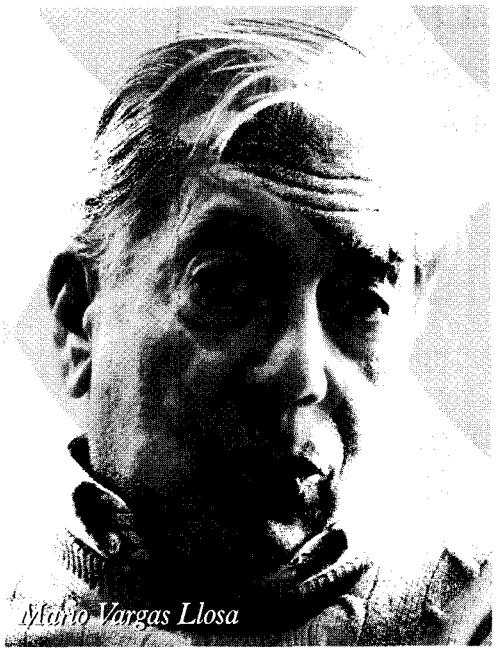
what he wished to give him." By appearing content to remain in a low place, Balaguer rose to a high one. Vargas Llosa allows us to understand why he was the man who in the years to follow brought a measure of stability and moderation to the Dominican Republic. To the extent *The Feast of the Goat* has a hero, he is it.

As for the third story, the anti-Trujillo conspiracy, it would be comic if it were not so grim. The reader should not be deceived by the promise on the dust jacket that the novel depicts "a Machiavellian revolution." Machiavelli taught that for a conspiracy to be successful "it should never be communicated unless necessary." Yet in Vargas Llosa's rendering, the conspiracy against Trujillo was formed over years and extended to an indefinite number of people inside and outside the government, including the CIA. If it were not for the fecklessness of a general at the moment of execution, it would have had (in Machiavelli's terms) a "happy" end for the conspirators, most of whom suffered painful deaths in the turmoil that followed immediately upon Trujillo's assassination.

Born in 1936, Mario Vargas Llosa is Peru's most distinguished novelist. After some journeyman work earlier in his career, he produced a pair of novels—*Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* in 1977 and *The War of the End of the World* in 1981—that were astonishingly fresh and powerful, placing him in the first rank of the Latin American writers who were, in those years, taking the world by storm. Long forced to keep away from Peru, he returned to run for president in 1990, promising to bring capitalist and democratic reforms to a country torn by struggles between the army and the Marxist Shining Path. Though defeated, he did surprisingly well and introduced into South American politics for the first time an intellectual counterweight to the cycles of military dictatorship and radical revolution.

In a recent interview in the *New York Times* Sunday magazine, Vargas Llosa said of *The Feast of the Goat*, "I didn't want to present Trujillo as a monster—I think this is false. Trujillo, or Hitler or Stalin or Mao—dictators are human beings. They become monsters because they accumulated such power that it transformed them into monsters. But I wanted very much to show this transformation of the human being to monster."


Mario Vargas Llosa

As an observation of political things, this is not promising. But it does point to some of the novel's conceptual shortcomings. Indeed, Vargas Llosa's own portrait of Trujillo undermines his thesis, for by far the most heinous act in the novel—and in Trujillo's rule—occurred not at the end of his career, but near the beginning. In 1937 Trujillo cemented his rule by slaughtering thousands of Haitians. Vargas Llosa describes Trujillo reflecting on this deed a quarter-century later:

> Hieratic and theatrical, the Generalissimo raised his hands and showed them to his guests. "For the sake of this country, I have stained these with blood," emphasizing each syllable. "To keep the blacks from colonizing us again. There were tens of thousands of them, and they were everywhere. If I hadn't, the Dominican Republic would not exist today. The entire island would be Haiti, as it was in 1840. The handful of white survivors would be serving the blacks. That was my most difficult decision in thirty years of government."

Unfortunately, this massacre is merely a footnote to the story told in *The Feast of the Goat*. Instead, Vargas Llosa focuses chiefly on the manner in which Trujillo enjoyed preying upon the insecurities of the yes-men with whom he surrounded himself. One sees less a monster than the petty soul of a once-vibrant tyrant in his dotage. In choosing to turn his story in this direction, Vargas Llosa blurs the question of the effect Trujillo's rule had on his subjects at large—and thus does not permit the raising of the troubling question of the relation between tyranny and progress that might have made the novel a powerful political study.

When you add in the unattractiveness of the character of Urania—a woman trying to understand the conditions that led to her unhappiness without trying to overcome them—the result is a very uneven book. Mario Vargas Llosa remains an important writer, but *The Feast of the Goat* is a minor entry in his bibliography. ♦

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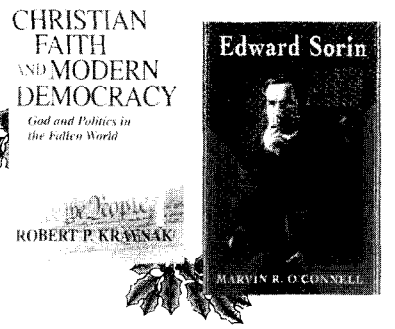

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The Life and Times of Cap the Knife

Caspar Weinberger remembers his days in the ring.

BY ROBERT D. NOVAK

When I opened Caspar Weinberger's memoir, an irresistible impulse propelled me to the chapter describing his outrageous persecution in 1992 by Lawrence Walsh, the out-of-control Iran-Contra independent counsel. Sadly, despite a life filled with selfless and invaluable public service, the mention of his name recalls his humiliation: indictment, re-indictment, and eventual pardon for having sent his notes as secretary of defense to the Library of Congress.

In the Arena
A Memoir of the 20th Century
by Caspar W. Weinberger,
with Gretchen Roberts
Regnery, 412 pp., $34.95

In the Arena: A Memoir of the 20th Century treats this episode with a candor and anger uncharacteristic of the calm and secretive Cap Weinberger. He correctly describes himself as a target in Walsh's jihad against Ronald Reagan. Walsh "was constructing a case against me," Weinberger writes, "to try to force me to implicate the president." When he refused, he was indicted. The result was Kafkaesque: multiple appearances in the dock, six-figure legal fees, a damaged legacy. Investigated for the arms-for-hostages transactions that he had opposed as Reagan's secretary of defense, he was indicted a second time on the eve of the Bush-Clinton election—on virtually the same charge that had been previously dismissed by a federal judge. "I have no doubt that this was another desperate attempt by the independent counsel," he writes, "to bring down as high an official as he could and support the Democratic candidate [Bill Clinton] at the same time—an effort undoubtedly tinged with revenge for my refusal to help him in this goal."

Alas, this pugnacious style is restricted to one chapter. *In the Arena* refers to Theodore Roosevelt's injunction to be "actually in the arena" rather than watching up in the stands, which Richard Nixon and other Republicans interpreted as a slap at journalists. Although Weinberger was president of the *Harvard Crimson* at the beginning of his career and publisher of *Forbes* near the end, he never seemed fond of reporters. I never knew him to tell us anything we were not supposed to know, and his memoir exudes the same studied reticence.

Until his ugly collision with Walsh's prosecutorial abuse, Weinberger's life was one of service to his country unmarred by serious setbacks. Contrary to Richard Nixon's tape-recorded musing that Weinberger originally was Jewish, he was taken into his mother's Episcopalian religion from the cradle (his father's family having abandoned Judaism in Bohemia "two or three generations back").

The shy son of a middle-class San Francisco lawyer, he won a scholarship to Harvard where he found himself the "lone conservative" in his American government major "taught with a liberal bias." He received his Harvard law degree in 1941 and immediately enlisted in the Army, serving as an infantry officer in New Guinea and later, reluctantly, on General Douglas MacArthur's staff.

Returning to California, Weinberger leaped into Republican politics and served three terms in the state assembly before losing his only bid for statewide office in the 1958 Republican primary for attorney general (the party's old guard disapproved of his support for civil rights). He was Governor Reagan's enthusiastic finance director before being summoned to Washington by President Nixon, first as Federal Trade Commission chairman, then as deputy director and later director in the Office of Management and Budget, and finally as secretary of health, education, and welfare.

He had a strained relationship with Nixon. They were Californians of the same generation, but one was a consummate manipulator and the other an earnest idealist. "I always felt somewhat of an outsider in the Nixon administration," Weinberger writes, explaining that he was denied access to the president and could not even get White House policy aide John Ehrlichman to return his phone calls.

Weinberger does not mention a famous breakfast with reporters when—to the consternation of the White House—he declared his opposition to deficit spending in good times or in bad. When speechwriter William Safire dubbed him "Cap the Knife," it was not a compliment. "Contrary to his rhetoric," Weinberger writes, "the president was reluctant to make the deep cuts in popular programs that I thought were necessary."

Weinberger never thought he would serve a second hitch in Washington, but President Reagan called him back to preside over defenses that had been dangerously depleted under Jimmy Carter. It was a far happier tour than his Nixon experience. Weinberger's legacy was not only a rebuilt military but his famous National Press Club speech of November 28, 1984 on the "Uses of Military Power" in which he laid down six conditions—most notably, popular support—for sending American troops into combat.

Understating the truth, Weinberger notes that Secretary of State George

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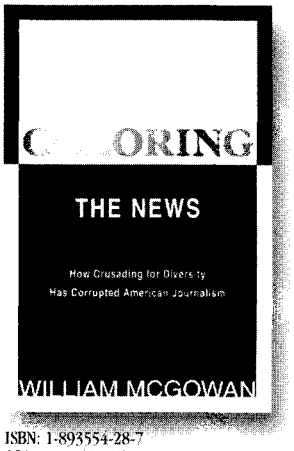
Shultz "was sometimes more eager to send in troops than I was." A memoirist of a more dramatic turn of phrase might have dwelled on the tense two decades of these men's long relationship: Weinberger upbeat and a little doctrinaire, Shultz dour and very pragmatic. They collided in 1970 in the newly created Office of Management and Budget when Nixon told Weinberger he would be in charge of the budget as deputy while Shultz as director would handle management.

What Weinberger does not relate is that Shultz seized budgetary control as well in a fierce turf fight. Between the Nixon and Reagan administrations, Weinberger was employed by the global construction giant Bechtel. Shultz was already on the Bechtel payroll, and Weinberger notes that not for the first time nor the last time, "we often had differing viewpoints." Since Weinberger says "I saved nearly everything" in the way of papers, a little more detail on his troubles with Shultz would have been welcome.

Indeed, in nearly all the accounts and stories in this memoir, one wishes he had given more detail. But Cap Weinberger is not into kiss-and-tell. He is a patriot and a gentleman of the old school, always eager to serve his country and undeserving of his vicious sendoff from the world of politics by mean-spirited partisans. ♦



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Although, in view of the violence of the Palestinians, negotiations with them would seem fruitless, or at least a long way off, one issue that will arise again is that of the "Palestinian Refugees." It has been a sticking point in past negotiations and will without question arise again. These "refugees" are the children and mostly grandchildren of those who left Israel during the 1948 War of Independence. Yasser Arafat insists that there can be no peace unless those "refugees" are allowed to "return" to Israel.

What are the facts?

650,000 "refugees" swell to 5 million. You have heard about those "Palestinian refugees", who claim "right of return" to Israel. Of course, virtually none of them ever lived in Israel -- they are the children and mostly grandchildren of those who fled in 1948. The total number of those who fled in 1948 is estimated to have been about 650,000. Now the number who wish to return has swollen to almost five million!

How did this exodus come about? In 1948, on the day of the proclamation of the State of Israel, five Arab armies invaded the new country from all sides. In frightful radio broadcasts, they urged the Arabs living there to leave, so that the invading armies could operate without interference. They could return after the expected quick victory in that "holy war", get their property back -- *and* that of the Jews. Things turned out differently. The invading armies were defeated. Those who had left became refugees -- people without a country. Those who stayed, and their children, are full-fledged citizens of the state of Israel. These so-called "Palestinian refugees" have not been allowed to settle in the "indivisible Arab nation". They have been supported in camps since 1948. So far, close to $1.8 billion has been spent on their maintenance. No end is in sight. Who pays for that? You guessed it: Through UNWRA Relief, the United States contributes more than 60% of the total cost.

The Arab countries, among them some of the richest in the world who fritter away their enormous fortunes on undreamed luxuries, are satisfied to leave their Arab brethren in those miserable camps. They have never contributed a penny to their maintenance.

Another side of the "refugee" story. But there is another side to the "refugee" story. Little is heard of the 800,000 Jewish refugees from Arab countries, who fled those countries to settle in the newly formed Jewish State of Israel. Every one of those refugees was immediately accepted, resettled, taken care of, and given full citizenship by the fledgling, impoverished, and embattled Jewish State. There never has been, and there certainly is not now, a Jewish "refugee" camp in Israel or anywhere else.

The Arab "refugees" who fled Israel left little wealth and little history, since most of them had not come to "Palestine" until Jewish settlers opened economic opportunities in what had been a desolate country for centuries. But the Jews of Arab lands have a history going back thousands of years. When forced to flee, they left behind land, wealth, and a long history. They arrived in Israel, quite literally only "with their shirts on their backs." They now make up almost 60% of the vibrant and productive population of Israel. What have the Arabs, the richest people in the world, done with their "refugees" in more than 50 years? They have kept them in misery, on the dole of the world, and have taught their hopeless youth the "skills" of suicide missions and of slaughtering defenseless and unarmed men, women, and children.

> The Arabs are committed not to allow any "non-believers" to be in control of any part of the Middle East. That is the real cause of the "Palestinian refugee problem."

If the Arab nations truly decided to make peace with Israel and to put an end to the century-long strife, they could easily accomplish it by accepting the "Palestinian refugees" in their countries and, just as Israel did with Jewish refugees from Arab countries, integrating them into their societies and making useful citizens of them. In fact, acceptance in their countries might also be offered to the Israeli Arabs, who, despite enjoying a higher standard of living, education, and health than Arabs in any of the surrounding countries and despite having the same civil rights as Israeli Jews, are not happy to live in a Jewish state.

Population transfers are common, especially in the wake of wars. They have been practiced throughout history. In 1923, Greece and Turkey agreed to the resettlement of 2 million Greeks and 800,000 Turks; in 1945, the resettlement of 3 million Germans from Poland and Czechoslovakia was arranged. Following the collapse of its North African empire, France accepted close to 1.5 million people. More than 12 million (!) Muslims and Hindus were exchanged between India and Pakistan. Israel has recognized this historical necessity. The "Arab Nation", with its enormous wealth and vast underpopulated lands, has stubbornly refused to face facts.

It is clear that the "Palestinian refugee problem" is a red herring, kept alive by the Arab nations for their political purposes, and with cynical disregard for the great number of impoverished people who live in these camps. It is being kept alive and is being used as a "non-negotiable" bargaining chip, for the purpose of destroying the State of Israel -- a feat that the Arabs have attempted several times by military means, but which has always ended in disastrous failure. Apart from the unsolvable social problems it would create, the introduction of, say, even one-half of the 5 million who claim to be "refugees" would, with one stroke, dramatically alter the demographic makeup of the country and would inevitably destroy the Jewish State. That is of course the whole idea behind the demand for the "return of the refugees". If the Arab nations were willing to solve the "refugee problem", the legitimacy of Israel could no longer be questioned. But that is not acceptable to the Arabs. They are firmly committed not to allow Israel or any "non-believers" to be in control of any part of the Middle East. It is that, and that alone, which is the real cause of the "Palestinian refugee problem."

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The enduring appeal of group mystery novels.

BY JON L. BREEN

A multiple-author novel is the equivalent of an old-time theatrical benefit: There's little or no money for the performers, but they are honored by being chosen to participate. Usually, it's in a good cause: a charity or a professional organization. The end product is almost always ephemeral, but a sense of professional pride (and the knowledge that one's peers are watching) demands a good performance.

Literary writers as high-toned as Henry James—one among the dozen authors who produced *The Whole Family* in 1908—have participated in group novels, passing the baton of the tale from writer to writer, like runners in a relay race. But the mystery and detective genre has produced the majority of such works.

The earliest example is *Behind the Screen* (1930), a six-part serial written as a listener contest for the BBC by members of Great Britain's Detection Club. At the time, midway through the Golden Age of Detection, the pure clues-on-the-table detective story was at its apex. The first three writers—Hugh Walpole, Agatha Christie, and Dorothy L. Sayers—set the problem of the murder of a family's sinister boarder, while the last three—Anthony Berkeley, E.C. Bentley, and Ronald Knox—jointly worked out a solution. In 1931 came a longer serial, *The Scoop*, with the plotting done in committee by Sayers, Christie, Bentley, Berkeley, Freeman Wills Crofts, and Clemence Dane. (First printed in the BBC journal *The Listener*, the two serials were brought together in book form in 1983.)

The Detection Club took on a greater challenge in *The Floating Admiral* (1932), which removed the safety net of collaborative plotting for pure authorial wing-walking. An atmospheric prologue by the club's president, G.K. Chesterton, introduced things—after which Victor L. Whitechurch's opening chapter set the murdered Admiral Penistone adrift on the River Whyn in the local vicar's boat. Eleven chapters followed, including Berkeley's necessarily lengthy windup, called "Clearing Up the Mess."

Yeats Is Dead!
A Mystery by 15 Irish Writers
edited by Joseph O'Connor
Knopf, 256 pp., $23

Naked Came the Phoenix
edited by Marcia Talley
Minotaur, 320 pp., $24.95

Natural Suspect
devised by William Bernhardt
Ballantine, 192 pp., $23.95

The rules of *The Floating Admiral*'s game were daunting. While the contributors had the fun of adding complications for subsequent writers to deal with, each author also had to have a specific, reasoned solution in mind for the novel at the point at which he left it. In a forty-five-page appendix, a fascinating exposition of classical detective writers' minds at work, they explained their planned conclusions in sections ranging from twenty-two pages (Sayers) to a paragraph (Edgar Jepson).

The next Detection Club collaboration, *Ask a Policeman* (1933), played a different game. John Rhode propounded a puzzle, which was presented to four writers for their respective sleuths to solve. By an "awkward blunder" that is obviously deliberate, each writer was asked for the conclusions of another writer's character—thus Berkeley wrote of Sayers's Lord Peter Wimsey, Sayers of Berkeley's Roger Sheringham, Helen Simpson of Gladys Mitchell's Mrs. Bradley, and Mitchell of Simpson's Sir John Saumarez. Subsequent Detection Club group efforts—*Crime on the Coast* and *No Flowers by Request*—appeared as newspaper serials in 1953 and 1954. John Dickson Carr led off the former, while the latter included a chapter by Sayers, even though she had long since deserted Lord Peter for religious drama and Dante translation.

The first American group mystery, *The President's Mystery Story* (1935), addressed a problem posed by Franklin D. Roosevelt to *Liberty* magazine editor Fulton Oursler: "How can a man disappear with five million dollars in any negotiable form and not be traced?" Oursler wrote a synopsis with an elaborate solution and asked six popular writers—one of them himself under his mystery-writing pseudonym Anthony Abbot—to turn it into a group novel. The set framework took away the fun of laying booby traps for the next performer, but they could still compete on style. The best remembered of the participants was S.S. Van Dine, creator of Philo Vance. (The book was adapted into a 1936 film, *The President's Mystery*, one of whose screenwriters was Nathanael West. A 1967 reprint substitutes for Oursler's preface a more informative introduction by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and appends an exceedingly clever chapter in which Erle Stanley Gardner adds Perry Mason to the mix.)

More recent examples include *The Perfect Murder* (1991), in which Jack Hitt introduces an unhappy husband who asks five mystery writers (Lawrence Block, Sarah Caudwell, Tony Hillerman, Peter Lovesey, and Donald E. Westlake) for advice on how to murder his wife. Though at least one feminist critic found a wife-murdering manual in questionable taste, it remains one of the best group mysteries.

But even the occasional successes in the genre don't seem to explain the

The winner of two Edgar awards, Jon L. Breen is the author of six mystery novels and writes the "Jury Box" column in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.

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Agatha Christie

recent flood of multiple-author mysteries. Three new ones have appeared in the past few months. All are from major publishers; all boast well-known contributors; and all at least partially benefit non-profit organizations. The first is the work mostly of mainstream Irish literary figures, the second of cozy female mystery writers, the third of American specialists in legal thrillers. One celebrates diversity of approaches; another aims for a more uniform style; and the third takes pride in *not* reading like a "various hands" work.

First to appear was *Yeats Is Dead!*, whose fifteen Irish authors were chosen for their variety: literary and popular writers, dramatists, screenwriters, a stand-up comedian, and even an *Irish Times* sportswriter. Their primary aim is humor, ranging from literary allusion to outright slapstick. Roddy Doyle, a Booker Award-winning novelist, begins well with a pair of enforcers reminiscent of *Pulp Fiction*, and many pages later Frank McCourt, bestselling author of *Angela's Ashes*, ties up the loose ends like a Restoration dramatist.

The MacGuffin (the sought-after object that propels the plot) is the manuscript of a lost novel by James Joyce. One of the most memorable characters is a senior policewoman, reminiscent of the one played by Helen Mirren on television's *Prime Suspect*, who makes Holmesian observations based on the suspects' wardrobes. The whole enterprise, however, is more like an Elmore Leonard crime caper than a classical detective novel. The level of carnage is high. Though the book's proceeds benefit Amnesty International, one of whose tenets is the eradication of capital punishment, the Irish authors have no compunction about applying the death penalty to their characters.

The thirteen authors of *Naked Came the Phoenix* claim they took their rules from *The Floating Admiral*: writing with a definite solution in mind, and not changing or ignoring any of the preceding writers' clues or plot elements. But the first must be taken on faith, for they were not required to provide individual solutions. The book, part of whose proceeds benefit breast-cancer research, takes its title from the best-known (though far from best) twentieth-century group novel, *Naked Came the Stranger* (1969), a tale of suburban sexuality written under the group pseudonym "Penelope Ashe" by twenty-five journalists who sought bestsellerdom with a deliberately meretricious piece of soft-core porn. The years since have brought homage in the form of *Naked Came the Manatee* (1996), a Floridian thriller whose contributors included Elmore Leonard, Edna Buchanan, and Carl Hiaasen, and such small-press products as *Naked Came the Farmer* (1998) and *Naked Came the Plowman* (1999).

This new "Naked Came" has humorous touches, but it generally plays the story straight. Nevada Barr's opening chapter introduces a large cast of characters at a luxurious Virginia health spa, centering on Caroline Blessing, a congressman's wife, and her recently widowed mother, Hilda Finch. Subsequent writers add complications, beginning with the mud-bath murder of the spa's owner. Laurie R. King does wrap-up honors, a harder job than McCourt's: The strict structure of a whodunit makes the job tougher than a loose, Leonard-style crime comedy. Though she manages to tie up the loose ends, the recourse to multiple murderers renders the novel less than satisfactory as a detective puzzle.

Like theatrical benefits, group novels have an advertising function. Which of these performers would you come back to enjoy at greater length in his own show? The only real loser is J.D. Robb, whose second chapter offers miniseries prose and tin-eared dialogue. Nancy Pickard, Faye Kellerman, and Anne Perry prove as readable and

Dorothy Sayers

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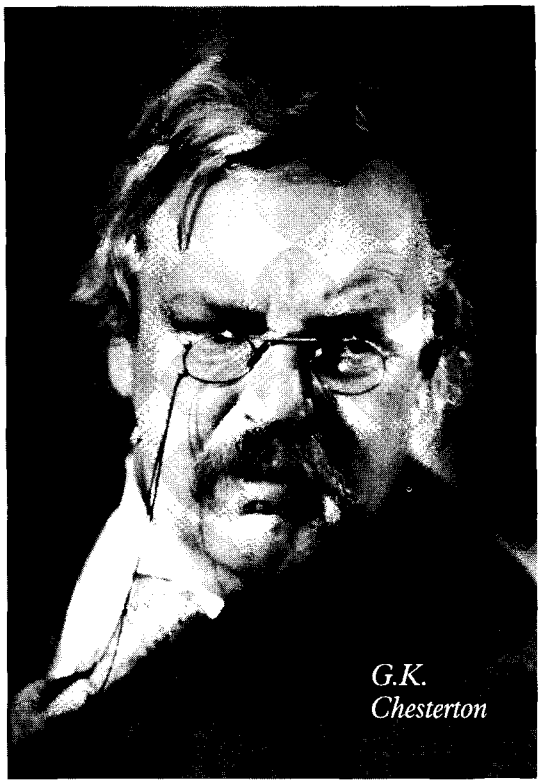


G.K. Chesterton

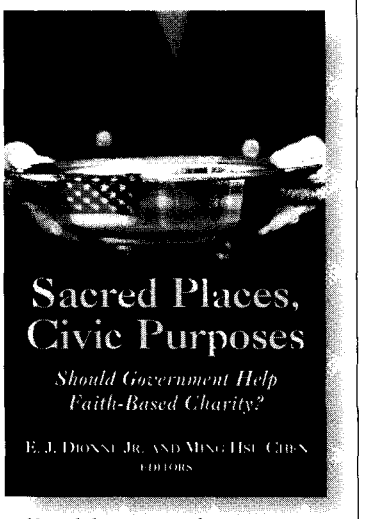
professional as one would expect, but two contributors outshine the rest: Lisa Scottoline, whose introduction of police detective Vince Toscana in the fourth chapter allows the book to achieve belated lift-off, and Val McDermid, whose female medical examiner, looking over a corpse found in a pool of nail polish, says, "Bodies, I don't mind. But I've always thought cosmetics were more trouble than they were worth."

The third recent multiple-author mystery, *Natural Suspect*, also benefits a charity (the Nature Conservancy), but it doesn't say which authors wrote which chapters. The only mystery precedent I can find is *The Marble Forest* (1951), written under the name "Theo Durrant" by a dozen members of the Mystery Writers of America's Northern California chapter, among whom was longtime *New York Times* mystery critic Anthony Boucher.

Though left to guess at the contributions of John Katzenbach, John Lescroart, Philip Margolin, Michael Palmer, and Lisa Scottoline, we are told that William Bernhardt wrote the first chapter, introducing in comic style an extremely dysfunctional family. When patriarch Arthur Hightower's body is found in the family freezer, alcoholic widow Julia goes on trial in a New York court for his blunt-instrument murder. In a typical legal-mystery-novel complication, the defense attorney opposes her former lover, appearing for the prosecution. Presiding, in a joke for old movie fans, is Judge Hardy. The more outlandish characters include a giant rabbit who is taken for walks like a dog and a villain who disguises himself as a clown and a female Foot Locker employee. It lacks the highbrow touches of *Yeats Is Dead!* and the detection of *Naked Came the Phoenix*, but *Natural Suspect*, with its consistent ly comic tone, is the best of the 2001 crop.

When they work, group novels provide sophisticated insights into the craft of storytelling. They are fiercely complicated, depending on chapter-ending cliffhangers and coincidental interlocking of the characters' lives, often including impersonation and surprises of parentage and kinship. But it is paradoxically easy to keep track of the plots since so many contributors feel obliged to get their bearings by reprising what has gone before. The challenges the writers present one another recall a short-lived 1939-1940 radio show called *Author, Author* (anchored each week by the pair of authors who wrote under the name Ellery Queen), in which a group of literary panelists would be presented with various incongruous situations—such as "Why does a jewelry store owner sell a $500 watch to an unfamiliar customer for a dollar?"—and then draw on their structural wizardry to explain it.

Maybe the best theatrical comparison is the English Christmas pantomime: not Shakespeare, not Shaw, but ideal for its season. Fun is had by all, but the actors may be having an even better time than the audience. ♦



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Join us for a conversation.

In New York City:
Monday, Dec. 17, 12:00–1:30 PM
Abyssinian Baptist Church
132 W. 138th Street
With contributors and guests **Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton, John J. DiIulio Jr.,** and **Stephen Goldsmith**

In Washington, DC:
Tuesday, Dec. 18, 2:00–4:30 PM
Holeman Lounge
The National Press Club
529 Fourteenth Street, NW
A discussion with **John J. DiIulio Jr., Rabbi David Saperstein, Joyce Ladner, Lisbeth B. Schorr, Keith Pavlischek, Jim Wallis, Melissa Rogers,** and other contributors.

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The Standard Reader

"He's feeling a bit conflicted at the moment. He just learned he's the recipient of an average intelligence grant."

Christmas Books in Brief

***Stories and Poems for Extremely Intelligent Children of All Ages*, selected by Harold Bloom (Scribner, 570 pp., $27.50).** What is Bloom up to? Every time he publishes a book of nutty postmodernness, he follows it with a book so old-fashioned it's positively premodern. He's America's best-known critic, and he seems to think that means he has to dance at everybody's ball.

Fortunately, in his latest entry, Bloom has stopped in at the sensible people's ball. Intending his marvelous new anthology for "children of all ages," he laments the "dumbing-down" of children's literature, and he demonstrates how delightful intelligent works can be. Most of the selections—such as Kipling's story "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi"—are brilliantly chosen for reading aloud. A few fall over the cliff: Good luck to the parent who wants to try "My Cat Jeoffrey," the Christian-mysticism-meets-domestic-animals poem Kit Smart wrote in the insane asylum. But Bloom urges perseverance, arguing that "reading well makes children more interesting both to themselves and others." If you agree with Bloom's almost Victorian sentiment that a child reading is "the true image of potential happiness," then this book is a marvelous Christmas present—for your children and yourself.

—Richard Datchery

***Dot.bomb: My Days and Nights at an Internet Goliath*, by David Kuo (Little, Brown, & Company, 320 pp., $25.95).** I remember the days of dot.com fever. I owed more in school loans than I made in salary, but as the Nasdaq inched toward 5,000, I invested what I could in tech stocks. My portfolio, which at one point reached $6,500, is now $114.62, and I revisit those days with great reluctance. But David Kuo's *Dot.bomb*—about his days at Value America, a company that aimed to be the nation's largest online retailer—is so hilarious, it almost recoups my losses.

Kuo joined the Virginia-based Value America as senior vice president for communications. While the company's head, Craig Winn, described the generous employment terms, Kuo writes, "Inside I was wondering if I could afford a new beach house in Nantucket *and* a ski chalet in Switzerland or whether I'd be forced to choose between the two. It was somehow tragic that my oversize body didn't fit well in that nice little Jaguar convertible. Perhaps they could customize it to fit me?"

Kuo effortlessly brings his readers along for the ride as he relates those incautious days. His depiction of Craig Winn is particularly evocative, for the bravado that made the man believe he could be the world's largest online retailer is exactly what caused his undoing. Kuo didn't amass the hundreds of millions that at one point seemed strangely realistic, but his account of the time he spent trying is very rich, indeed.

—Stephen F. Hayes

***The New Thought Police: Inside the Left's Assault on Free Speech and Free Minds*, by Tammy Bruce (Prima, 300 pp., $23.95).** For years conservatives have tried to alert us to the manipulations of the left, but that's something lefties can do a better job of when they try. Take *The New Thought Police*, by the feminist and lesbian activist Tammy Bruce, who worked with the gay, feminist, and black civil-rights establishment. From GLAAD's attack on Dr. Laura Schlessinger to NOW's silence about the scandals of Bill Clinton to the fund-raising tactics of Jesse Jackson, Bruce rips through the absurdities and dangers of the left's thought-police mentality. Tammy Bruce is no conservative, but *The New Thought Police* demands a return to true freedom of expression so Americans can once again enjoy honest—and therefore dynamic—debates.

—Nicole Topham

***The Siege of the Arts: Collected Writings 1994-2001*, by Robert Brustein (Ivan R. Dee, 288 pp., $16.95).** A great drama critic must have a good playwright's facility with words, a large historical knowledge, perspicacity, and judgment. In *The Siege of the Arts*, Robert Brustein proves he's a great drama critic.

This isn't to say his latest collection of essays has no blind spots. Brustein can't see much good in Tom Stoppard. He confuses free speech with support for the NEA. And he promotes that much more ineradicable institution, Robert Wilson. But he also provides knowledge, wit, and an unwillingness to lie or placate. He points out, for exam-

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ple, that Edward Albee's renewed popularity has been gained at the expense of sharpness. Speaking to the David Mamet Society, he brutally mocks Mamet's stupid theories on acting.

Brustein denounces the McCarthyism of the left unsparingly, as when he writes of the drama professor at Arizona State who was fired for using Shakespeare, rather than black, female, gay, or Latino playwrights. In talking about the NEA controversy he notes Jane Alexander's inability to get Clinton even once on the phone during her first years as head of the institution. He relates his own experience talking to the president about culture. (Clinton thought he was talking about *cultures* and began lecturing him on China.) All in all, this is a very fine collection.

—Jonathan Leaf

***Granta 21: The First Twenty-One Years*, edited by Ian Jack (Granta, 384 pp., $14.95).** Based in Britain, *Granta* magazine emerged in the early 1980s as a darker, hipper, more Eurocentric version of the *New Yorker*, offering a smart and readable blend of fiction, autobiography, photojournalism, and reportage.

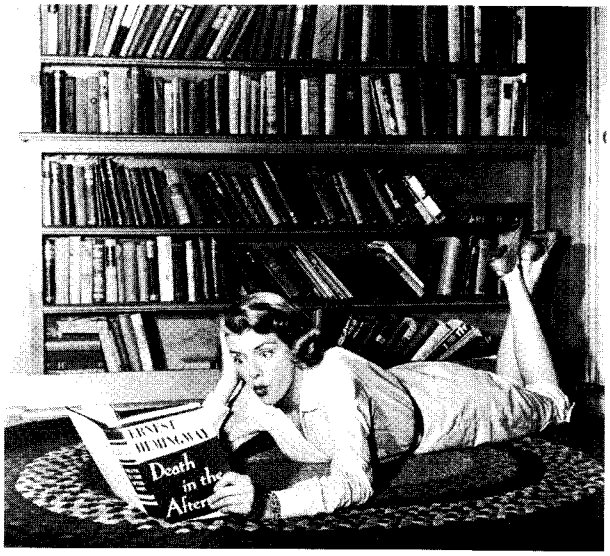
Over the years, *Granta* published a few too many drab, crabbed examples of "dirty realism" in fiction and too many accounts of seediness and corruption in exotic locales. Every issue, it sometimes seemed, featured a cranky Englishman floating through Borneo in a canoe. Still, *Granta* set a high standard for originality and topicality: No publication gave a more vivid sense of the intellectual and political atmosphere surrounding the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe more than a decade ago.

This volume includes a good sampling of the magazine's more memorable pieces, including Diana Athill's bemused recollection of friendship with the prickly V.S. Naipaul and Amitav Ghosh's affecting account of art and resilience in Cambodia during Pol Pot's murderous reign. An interesting look back at what was once the hottest magazine in the literary trade.

—Brian Murray

***Unearthing Gotham: The Archaeology of New York City*, by Anne-Marie Cantwell and Diana diZerega Wall (Yale University Press, 448 pp., $39.95).** New York City's archaeological record is mostly erasures. *Unearthing Gotham*, a journeyman study by two urban anthropologists, aspires to speak for those "passed over" in the city's history: immigrants, the underclass, Native Americans, etc.

The authors manage to relate a few interesting moments. In 1916, digging a subway tunnel at Greenwich and Dey, workmen discovered the charred keel and three ribs of what is probably Adrian Block's *Tiger*, which burned in January 1614. But in general the evidence Cantwell and Wall hope for is sparse: Over the past 25 years, archaeologists armed by preservation laws have been able to hitch a ride on the heavy equipment that excavates foundations and basements well below the city's accumulated landfill, but little has resulted.



In the early 1990s, the government planned to build an office tower on the site of an 18th-century Negro burial ground. The resulting collision of power and pieties might be rewritten as an opera for bureaucrats and activists—although one is forced to wonder whether anything in Manhattan can stay sacred space. Didn't Trinity Church grow rich, and stay rich, on real estate?

There's material in all this for contemplating the future of the site of the World Trade Center. In a manner unpredictable and uncontrollable, what is lost always manages to speak through the pieces of what remains. There's meaning in a vacant lot.

—Laurance Wieder

***Coloring the News: How Crusading for Diversity Has Corrupted American Journalism*, by William McGowan (Encounter, 278 pp., $25.95).** McGowan's *Coloring the News* paints in grim detail how the diversity juggernaut conquered the nation's newsrooms, relentlessly documenting how quota hiring, identity politics, and self-censorship has slanted reporting on racial issues, gay and feminist topics, affirmative action, and immigration. Instead of providing balanced discussion of complex issues, reporters either avoid these topics altogether or yield to pressures for simplistic pro-diversity propaganda.

Leading journalists have pulled their punches on high black crime rates, ignored "gender norming" in the Pentagon's politically correct campaign to integrate women into military life, suppressed data regarding a resurgence of high-risk sexual behavior among gay men, and suppressed recognition of mushrooming problems in health, corruption, and cut-throat economic competition wrought by massive waves of immigrants.

McGowan concludes that journalism's diversity crusade helped erode civic culture, while failing to deliver new minority audiences. Indeed, the effort to color the news ended up polarizing it: Alienated whites gravitated to talk radio, the Internet, and cable TV, exacerbating the trend diversity activists thought they would end. It's a sad story of the decline of journalism.

—Frederick R. Lynch

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SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION

ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF INTERIOR DESIGN FEBRUARY 2002

TORA BORA GLORIA!

A Demanding Client Creates A Stylish Retreat

by Annette Giovannini

When Osama bin Laden moved into his rural retreat near the charming hillside village of Tora Bora, he knew he had a major project on his hands. "Gloomy, gloomy, gloomy!" he says of the remote cave's earlier design. But he saw the space had "good bones." It was quiet, and surprisingly airy considering it was nuclear bomb-proof.

"As I get older I find I like to de-clutter my life," Osama says, but he knew he had to hire an interior design professional. "A must, if you've got four squabbling wives!" he chirps. "I was looking for someone who could do a blend of styles, but as I got into the process I discovered I was simply passionate about chintz."

He hired the Saudi/Egyptian firm Elegant Jihad, which had earlier renovated Saddam Hussein's bunker in what looked like antique boiserie. "We wanted to create a place where people could congregate," says Jean-Marie Omar, a principal with the firm. "And given that Osama would likely be incinerated in these rooms, we thought a summertime palette would work best."

Ironically, they found that a Jerusalem stone complemented the air of overheated fanaticism they were looking for. "We really wanted to move beyond the whole beard-turban-shoulder-mounted-artillery look," says Jean-Marie. "It's stale." And a clean Swedish line with Native American accessories completed the atmosphere that Osama says is "comfortable but edgy." One of bin Laden's aides, Pierre, was so crazy about the new music room—a scrumptious blend of Art Deco stylings and 17th-century stenciled leather—that he strapped some explosives around his waist and immediately became part of the wall and ceiling décor.

"What I love about the place," bin Laden enthuses, "is that it doesn't say 'bunker.' It says, 'festival.' I could spend the rest of my life here, or maybe even two weeks, whichever's longer."

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American Ingenuity: A Key to Future Security

John Raisian is director and senior fellow at the Hoover Institution.

In a crisis, such as the terrorist attacks on September 11, it is natural to look to our government leaders to set the course. But **we'd be making a terrible mistake if we relied too heavily on top-down political solutions, ignoring our real strength, the decentralized ingenuity of the American people.**

Consider just one example. In the weeks after the attacks, we wrestled with ways of improving airport security. In Congress, two fundamentally different possibilities emerged. Either we could federalize airport security, making it the job of the government, or we could permit airport security to remain in the private sector, using the government to mandate higher standards, to delegate the responsibility for meeting such standards to private security firms, and to monitor the performance of private sector solutions. Which methodology should we rely on for safety in the air? One similar to the United States Postal Service, a model that has regularly been criticized for costly and inefficient service that too often proves unreliable? Or the competitive alternative that led creative individuals to introduce FedEx and UPS?

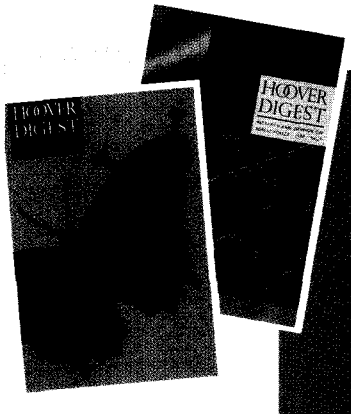
In the end, Congress chose the former. I realize that we are in a crisis and that the American public looks to government's leadership to assure our well-being, but I am dismayed that we continue to settle for inferior solutions because they are seen as politically superior. Why should we settle for less? The challenge for our government is to stop ducking its responsibility, instead dedicating itself to finding the best solution to the problem of airport security—uncompromised safety at the lowest cost possible—and to other problems like it that are sure to arise. Overwhelmingly, the best solutions will be competitive solutions.

Economists around the world generally understand and applaud the workings of competition and private markets. It is difficult to make the case for centralized decision making of the kind present within socialism, certainly for the kind of command economies that once dominated the Eastern bloc. We should be suspicious of government solutions that entail government agencies and institutions directly managing an enterprise. We need to expand the ingenuity of the American citizenry at large, encouraging the development of solutions in the marketplace. Is this not the order of the day?

It is natural for us to turn to our government leaders in a time of crisis. But it is not a foregone conclusion that our citizenry expects the government to centralize more of the workings of our society. Over the longer term, we must look to the ingenuity of our people to address the many elements of this crisis. **The leadership we need should create institutions structured to help us accomplish our aims, not have us sit back and expect government "engineers" to solve our problems.** Decentralized activity can respond to shortcomings with a speed and entrepreneurial energy that government can seldom match. Such approaches will have a great deal to contribute to our nation in the days ahead.

— John Raisian

Paid for by the Hoover institution, Stanford University.



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THWARTING CYBER TERRORISM

As technology's benefits have made computers an increasingly important part of our society, an accurate and candid assessment of the risk of catastrophic cyber attacks has become a national priority. Criminal hackers could seriously threaten the operation of businesses and governments across the nation and around the world. The threat is real, increasing and already has proven costly.

The variety and severity of computer viruses that have spread across the Internet in just the last few years underscores the impact. Cyber attacks—ranging from the *"ILOVEYOU"* virus to the *"Trinoo"* attacks and the recent *"Ramen, Lion"* and *"Code Red"* worms—have cost an estimated $5 billion.

Today, computer systems are at the heart of government operations ranging from the smallest city hall to the Pentagon. They are an essential part of the critical infrastructures that drive our economy, including telecommunications, energy transmission, financial services, manufacturing, water distribution, transportation and health care.

Securing these critical infrastructures will require close collaboration between government and the private sector, continued efforts to enhance technology security, tougher penalties for cyber crimes and increased funding for law enforcement efforts to fight it.

Today, criminal hackers are working around the clock and around the world to find and exploit vulnerabilities in software, steal data, violate people's privacy and maliciously shut down computer networks. Additional resources are needed by the Department of Justice and the FBI to hire, train and equip agents and prosecutors specializing in cyber crime. International cyber crime laws and penalties must be strengthened. The author of the *"Lovebug"* virus remains free because his nation did not have cyber crime laws. The *"AnnaKournikova"* virus caused billions of dollars in damage, but the individual who distributed it received only 150 hours of community service as a penalty.

As an industry leader, Microsoft recognizes its responsibility to address the challenges of cyber crime. In October, we announced a Strategic Technology Protection Program—an unprecedented mobilization of Microsoft resources to help customers of all sizes secure and protect their computing systems and data. A key part of this program is the Secure Windows Initiative—Microsoft's commitment to improving its own software development processes in order to deliver more secure and reliable products and technologies. While no software system is 100 percent virus proof or vulnerability free, we are committed to doing everything possible to help ensure our customers' security in this increasingly interconnected world.

Additionally, a number of industry-government partnerships have been established to tackle Internet security challenges. These partnerships include creation of the Information Technology, Information Sharing and Analysis Center, which coordinates information sharing on cyber vulnerabilities among information technology companies and the U.S. government; and the Partnership for Critical Infrastructure Security, which brings together more than 200 companies to contribute to the federal government's plans for cyber security.

There will always be new and unexpected challenges as we work to stay ahead of cyber criminals and cyber terrorists. Through partnership and collaboration, there is much we can do to ensure a safe, secure and trustworthy computing environment. It is crucial not only to our national sense of well-being, but also to our national security and economy.

One in a series of essays on technology and society. More information is available at microsoft.com/issues.

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